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HELLENIC AND ANGLO-SAXON IDEALS OF CIVILIZATION AND CITIZENSHIP

The age in which we live is one of transition, fraught with tremendous significance for the human race. It finds no parallel in the whole course of history, and least of all in the few brief centuries that make up the life of the English people on this continent of ours. To be sure, there have been other great landmarks in the long and wonderful progress of humanity, which, by reason of their achievements, their fruitful crop of illustrious names, their impetus given to all the better elements of civilization, stand out with special prominence and challenge either our admiration or our interest. But the moment we begin to institute a comparison between their characteristic phenomena and those thrust upon us by the facts and problems of our own day, we are immediately struck with the vast difference between the period in which we live and that of any of its countless forerunners. Perhaps the most marked characteristic of our times is the spirit of unrest, of disquietude—a disposition to break away from time-honored traditions and maxims, and to embark on new and strange experiments with no definitely fixed standards. Although not necessarily betokening an un-mixed evil, these vague tendencies in all domains of thought and action are well calculated to make the thoughtful pause and reflect. As a stereotyped expression puts it, “we have reached the parting of the ways;” and this appears to be true not only

in respect to our political life, but also regarding spheres of activity as far removed as can be, in theory at least, from the strife and passions of everyday experience. In religion, in philosophy, in literature, in theories regarding education and human conduct, no less than in the realms of ordinary business and professional careers, we see reflected everywhere and among all sorts and conditions of men the same impatient disposition to exploit the novel and unheard-of; to exchange for experience, experiment; to drift with the tide, often without sail or rudder, and with no set purpose in view. It is this very aimless, purposeless characteristic, this utter lack of fixed ideals now everywhere so rampant, with which we must deal promptly and earnestly, if we would escape individual and national disaster. Hence the importance, especially on the part of the educated, to consider calmly and dispassionately the signs of the times with a view of so constructing the best rules of conduct as to meet those problems which the sweeping scenes of passing events daily put before us for solution.

At the same time, it is well for us to remember that after all not a few of these problems are as old as the human race, and that, however differently clothed they may present themselves, they are the same at all times and everywhere. This vital fact is often lost sight of. The individual, beset by this difficulty or that, or the nation overtaken by novel experiences, may at times be inclined to fancy otherwise; but it is egoism of the worst sort to continue in such beliefs. This will become even more obvious when we recall a few recent events in our own national history. First of all and within less than two decades, we have seen our country burst with startling suddenness from a position of comfortable obscurity into one of world-wide importance, with dependencies beyond seas and with all the outward trappings of imperialism. The sudden transformation of our government from a republic into a quasi-empire is at once a cause and an effect of not a few of the political tendencies already indicated. That we blundered upon a system of colonial government, notwithstanding the most humane and patriotic impulses; that we have inadvertently called down upon our heads the ill-concealed jealousies of less favored lands; and that our

unexpected success in handling the baffling international disputes raised by our new experiences in the field of diplomacy, have in large measure arrested the attention of the world; by no means either lessen the effects of the alterations in our national life, or warrant us in assuming that we may always expect the same success in even similar experience which we may hereafter encounter. For weal or for woe, however, we stand committed to policies for which we are inadequately equipped either by experience or constitutional provision, and for the untold consequences flowing from them.

Of the many fruits of this new era and in large measure its direct product, is the enormous growth of our commerce, foreign and domestic, which is daily increasing by leaps and bounds. Our wealth, moreover, has multiplied beyond the dreams of the most sanguine prophecy, while individual fortunes are even surpassing those of the most favored princes abroad. At the same time industries, long organized and conducted on a small and simple scale, have become in recent years so centralized and enlarged, that between labor and capital, neither of which can in the nature of things now know the other, there are constant warfare and irreconcilable interests. The rich are certainly becoming richer; wealth is rapidly being more and more centered in a few hands; and the poor, if not actually becoming poorer, are certainly more and more inclined to believe that they do not receive a proper share of the wealth they help to create. Meanwhile, exaggerated reports of our prosperity, often carried to other lands by designing transportation agents, are inviting to our shores immigrants of a less desirable quality and in larger numbers than ever before. Thus, our cities, already swollen to undue proportions by the indraught of rural population, are assuming dimensions whose perplexing questions regarding sanitation, morals, education, and transportation are a source of constant anxiety to patriotic men everywhere. These superficial evidences of our prosperity are reflected therefore in a thousand ways; but unfortunately, increased wealth has brought with it a luxury, an extravagance, a love of ease and display, manifested in private no less than in public life, whose sinister influences tend to exalt the material at the expense of the nobler elements

of life, while in the fierce competition born of modern conditions there is often danger of losing sight of the vital distinction between things temporary and those everlasting, the visible and the invisible, the real and the ideal. Even in the matter of education we hear much of "business courses," of "practical studies," as if the training of the immortal mind were a mere matter of dollars and cents, a mere preparation of a boy or girl to gain a livelihood with no reference whatever to the true, the good and the beautiful.

In view of this rank materialism that is obtruding itself into the most sacred realms, it is not unwise for us to look upward instead of downward, to the hill instead of to the plain, to revert to what in our sober moments we believe to be the foundation of true happiness and of true success, for individuals no less than for nations — to distinguish between mere sensual pleasure and that state of mind that springs from what the Greeks were accustomed to call Virtue. In other words, when we contemplate the universal apotheosis of wealth, it behooves us to hold up the truth that the material is temporary and fades soon away, that after all only the ideal is everlasting. Not that these facts are new. From Plato to the present day the best men of every age have insisted upon this principle in season and out of season, and have striven ever to increase the number of the saving remnant. Hence it has seemed fitting on this occasion to contrast the ideals, which, from a secular point of view, have perhaps influenced the world more profoundly than all others. I refer to those of Plato, particularly as set forth in his *Republic*, and those of our own American Republic, especially in so far as they both relate to the question of citizenship — of the individual in his relation to the State. More than two thousand years separate the times of Plato from those in which this great American Republic has achieved its foremost place among the nations of the earth. During the intervening centuries the leading events in human history have occurred; its tragedies no less than its comedies, and as they pass in rapid review before us, they seem to accentuate the radical differences between our times and those of Plato.

As all of us know so well, Greek civilization after a brilliant

career, gave way to that of Rome. The few mud huts along the marshes of the Tiber grew in time into a city destined to become mistress of the world. By a coincidence no less wonderful than it is significant, the foundation of the empire was almost contemporaneous with the birth of our Lord and the establishment of the Church. Then we witness the triumph of that Church, especially after its creed had been defined by Greek philosophy and its government founded on the basis of Roman polity, marching on to triumph in spite of persecution, until, through the development of Papacy, it became at times well-nigh omnipotent. And when we pass to the middle ages we encounter the curious dualism between the Holy Roman Empire, as re-founded by Charlemagne after the barbarian invasion, and the Papacy, as well as institutions like serfdom and feudalism, together with world-important events like the rise of the Italian republics, the crusades, the revival of learning, the reformation, and the rise of modern states. Finally we come to the discovery of America, justly called the greatest secular event in history; and scarcely less important was its settlement by Englishmen with English traditions and ideas; and the revolution that won for us our independence. How that even affected in turn the people of France, and exerted no slight influence in bringing about their own mighty conflicts, and how finally the recent period — or that extending from the downfall of Napoleon to the present day — has witnessed the triumphs of the national principle, of the constitutional principle, of the democratic principle — all these are facts too familiar to require more than bare enumeration.

Thus we see the immense differences between our civilization and that of the Greek. The world is older and better now than then. We have a wider field behind us; riper experience; more exact knowledge. It is quite possible, however, that in the hurry and bustle of modern life we have lost much that the Greeks held to be most dear. Easy communication has made our world smaller than theirs. Great inventions and discoveries, moreover, have added so much to the convenience of living that we may be disposed at times to wonder how any civilized people could ever have existed without

such contrivances as the railway, the telegraph, the telephone, the printing press, gas, electricity, and the countless other adjuncts of modern civilization. But if the Greeks lived plainly, they thought well—better in many respects than we do ourselves.

There are, however, not a few points of resemblance between the Greeks and the Americans which will help us to understand the ideals of the two. In the first place, both were colonists from another land, who after having conquered the country they invaded, occupied it and impressed their ideas upon its civilization for all time. Both retained among themselves, moreover, original minor differences, which were not without their influence on the national character of each. Thus among the Greeks we encounter Ionians and Dorians; among Americans, Northerners and Southerners, each with marked characteristics whose reciprocal traits and influences are stamped on every page of their history. As between Athens and Sparta, so between Jamestown and Plymouth, there were marked differences regarding society and government, which, with the development of a broader national life and after many civil strifes, in time largely passed away. Meanwhile both Greek and American became great colonizers—the bearers of civilized customs, of literature, of free institutions of less advanced peoples. Even among the different groups of Greeks, no less than among the different groups of Americans, there were not a few characteristics in common. A common religion, a common language, common traditions and ideals and standards, all tended to develop common aims and purposes in the midst of minor differences, both in Greece and America. Unfortunately, however, the geographical situation of the former was less favorable to unity than that of the latter. Cut up by mountains and deficient in navigable rivers, the lay of the land was in Greece opposed to political unity, and we find a separatist tendency from the start, which resulted in the celebrated City-States.

Nature, however, was more kind to us. Our whole natural environment made for unity, and the configuration of the country seemed destined for the foundation of a great single empire. Hence, while the loose leagues born in Greece of a common

danger soon died, in our country they soon ripened into union with every indication of strength.

Of the religion of Greece and that of America it may be remarked that in the former neither that of the clan nor that of Olympus appears to have exerted any appreciable influence on conduct. As in all primitive ages, the Greek religion was all-inclusive. The differentiation of the sciences and professions had not yet taken place. Worship consisted largely of ceremonial, and we must look for the highest Greek ideals in their literature and philosophy rather than in their religion. In America, a Christian country (in large measure peopled by sectarian zeal), religion is of English origin. But, however interesting, time and space will not permit a much further contrast of Greek and American civilization, regulated and refined as the latter already is in some degree by Christian ideas and ideals. I will, however, endeavor to set forth briefly the extent to which Plato's ideals and American ideals harmonize; how far the ideals of Christian America surpass those of Plato.

Plato found himself in a world very different from ours, "and yet the visionary towers of his *Republic* blend with those of the *Civitas Dei* of Augustine. Only, though its top may one day 'reach under heaven' it by no means came down thence; but, as Plato conceives, arises out of earth, out of the humblest natural wants."

In his volume on Plato and Platonism, Walter Pater says: "The *Republic*, as we may realize it mentally within the limited proportions of some quite imaginable Greek city is the protest of Plato, in enduring stone, in law and customs more imperishable still, against the principle of flamboyancy or fluidity in things, and in men's thoughts about them. Political 'ideals' may provide not only types for new states, but also, in humbler function, a due corrective of errors, thus renewing the life of old ones. But, like all other medicines, the corrective or critical ideal may come too late, too near the natural end of things. The theoretic attempts made by Plato to arrest the process of disintegration in the life of Athens, of Greece, by forcing it back upon a simpler and more strictly Hellenic type, ended, so far as they were concerned, in theory."

The question which Plato is asking throughout the *Republic*, we may well ask ourselves to-day, "not how shall the state be gay, or rich or populous, but strong — strong enough to remain itself, to resist solvent influences within or from without, such as would deprive it not merely of the accidental notes of prosperity, but of its own very being."

Notwithstanding the fact that more than 2,200 years have passed away since Plato gave expression to his dream of an "Ideal Republic," the echo of his words continues and deserves to be heard. They are as applicable to-day as they ever were, and the best answers to the question, What is it in Plato that attracts us so strongly? are the following eloquent quotation from Benjamin Jowett, his great apostle: "Plato is the inspired prophet or teacher who can never die . . . in whom the thoughts of all who went before him are reflected, and of all who came after him are partly anticipated. In him is to be found the original of Cicero's *De Republica*, of St. Augustine's *City of God*, of the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More, and of the numerous modern writers which are framed upon the same ideal." Again: "Human life and conduct are affected by ideals in that they tend to raise individuals above the mere interests of commerce or the necessities of self-defence . . . most men live in a corner, and see but a little way beyond their own home or place of occupation; they do not 'lift their eyes to the hills;' they are not awake when the dawn appears. But in Plato, as from some 'tower of speculation,' we look into the distance and behold the future of the world and of philosophy; the faith in good and immortality — are the vacant forms of life on which Plato is seeking to fix the eye of mankind."

Some of Plato's ideas which more than others seem to admit of application to modern life, are: that the greatest good of a State is unity; that if one member suffers, all the members suffer; if one citizen is touched, all are quickly sensitive, and the least hurt to the little finger of the State runs through the whole body and vibrates in the soul, for the true State has the feelings of an individual and is injured as a whole when any part is afflicted; that injustice, like mortal disease, is suicidal; that it is a matter of the greatest public concern that the individual

should be adequately educated for the performance of his duty as a citizen; that an active participation in public affairs is not only a right, but is the most important duty of a citizen.

Finally, it was Plato who first distinctly expressed the thought that education is to comprehend the whole of life and to be a preparation for another in which education is to begin again; who provided a system of education which would take the citizen as he is and develop him to the utmost on all his various sides, a system based upon religion and morality and greater harmony of the individual and the State. To quote Professor Dunning: "In education Plato sees the only true way to the permanent stability of the State. The hope of moulding the citizens to the system of the community by legislation must always be futile. If the character of the people is sound, laws are unnecessary; if unsound, laws are useless."

Universal suffrage has no room for existence in Plato's Republic. In the presence of his conceptions, the democratic idea of government by the uninstructed *masses* would prove as disastrous as the monarchic notion of government by the uninstructed one.

Let us then, in common with Plato, the Prince of Idealists, persevere in the pursuit of a high ideal, which will reveal itself more clearly as we progress. At the same time, blending the ideal and the practical, we must seek to understand our own time and its problems in the light of history, and while steadfastly obedient to the vision of that which should be, continue patient and practical in the adaptation of means to its realization.

Thus we see that the distance from the civilized inhabitant of an ancient town to the dweller in a modern city is not, after all so great; that the old thinkers have answered questions and laid down rules, questions with which we are grappling in vain to-day, rules which we cannot but accept. Verily, in the words of the great philosopher Hegel, "we must go back in order to go forward or at least to hold our ground. The earthborn giant may still repair his diminishing life by contact with the dust from which he sprang."

Now what is the Hellenic conception of citizenship — of the

relation of the individual to the State? More than twenty-two centuries ago, Aristotle, the other great Greek philosopher and contemporary of Plato said, "Man is a political animal," and although many attempts have been made to re-state this proposition in an improved form, still, on the whole, none is so good as the original.

Everyone knows, says President Hadley, that Aristotle divided governments into monarchy, aristocracy and democracy; very few know that Aristotle said that there was a more fundamental division of governments, into those which were legitimate and those which were not, the former being based on the consent of the governed and acting in the interest of the whole, while the latter were based on the authority of a class and exercised in the interests of that class.

We must not expect, nor do we desire that the State should ever occupy again the place in relation to the *individual* which it held in the cities of the ancient world. The mechanical and physical conditions of our life preclude this. But when we contrast the life of an average citizen in a modern State, who becomes aware of his corporate relations only when called upon to exercise the right of suffrage or to serve on the jury or to pay his taxes, who is mainly preoccupied with his trade or his profession, absorbed in private business or family concerns, thereby limiting and clouding his vision of the world, we discover that the Greeks achieved something which we have lost, something which we would do well to recall. For the State, to them, as is so well expressed in "The Greek View of Life," was more than machinery; it was a *spiritual* bond, and "public life," as we call it; was not a thing to be taken up and laid aside at pleasure, but a necessary and essential phase of the existence of a complete man.

Aristotle declares that no one must suppose he belongs to himself, but rather that all alike belong to the State; and Plato in his construction of the ideal republic is thinking much less of the happiness of the individual citizens than of the symmetry and beauty of the whole as it might appear to a disinterested observer from without. The best individual, in their view, was also the best citizen; the two ideas not only were not incompat-

ible, they were almost indistinguishable. The individual, though, must be conceived of, not as sacrificed to, but rather as realizing himself in the whole.

Now the Hellenic conception of citizenship is also the Hebrew conception and the Christian conception. In the Old Testament, for instance, we find Isaiah proclaiming his belief in a corporate righteousness and salvation as distinguished from the salvation and righteousness of the individual. The individual was to be saved as a member of a family — of a holy nation — of a visible kingdom of God. When the prophet speaks of sin and disobedience it was chiefly the sin and disobedience of the whole nation. The heinousness of the sin of the individual sinner was to be judged not by its effects upon the character of the individual, but by its effect upon society. If the injury stopped with the individual it would be bad enough, but when men come to realize that each man's sin — each man's selfishness, each man's neglect of a public duty — contributed to bring about a social wrong and injustice, then the offence of each, which seemed so small — almost trivial — takes on a new significance and becomes a far more grievous fault. In other words, in judging of men's actions, we must judge of them with reference to society — the State — and not with reference to the individual.

And so in the New Testament we find Saint Paul treating sin from identically the same point of view that Isaiah did. When urging upon Christians the duty of speaking the truth one with another he gives as his reasons the demoralising and disintegrating effect of lying and deceit upon the unity of the Church.

No one would question St. Paul's *individuality*, but the baneful influence upon society of *individualism* he is ever proclaiming in season and out of season. Christ in parable is ever striking a blow at the root of a selfish and self-centered *individual* sin. As long as men put first their own business engagements and their personal comforts — their private interests above the larger interests of society, just so long are we going to have men neglecting their duties to society, to the city in which they live, to the State to which they owe allegiance.

The very idea of *democracy* requires that every man in it accept and discharge his social and political obligations. It cannot be too often repeated or too forcibly brought home to the men of this generation that the individual finds his fullest freedom, and attains to this highest and truest individuality in association with his fellow man — in mutual service and coöperation. Neither can the importance to the State of corporate action in all civic and social questions be overestimated. The life of individuals or of States cannot be separated into water-tight compartments. We want individuality and federation, solidarity as opposed to selfishness. Each several man is to realize and to exercise the fullest rational freedom, but to move toward that corporate activity where none is lord, none underling.

Now to what extent have these Hellenic and Hebraic ideals of citizenship become characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon?

In his work on "Personal Idealism and Mysticism," Dr. Inge, the celebrated English scholar, declares that there is a growing tendency in modern thought towards *individualism*, that the Anglo-Saxon is by temperament and training an *individualist*, having been brought up to think that his main business is to assert himself, to make his fortune in this world or the next, or in both; that self-consciousness, self-seeking, self-indulgence,—selfishness in all its forms, is the product of modern *individualism*; that the gospel of self-abnegation has not been much favored by the European races in modern times, either in principle or in practice; that we have been too wont to contrast complacently our own energetic self-assertion with what we call the dreamy pantheism of Asia, and have pointed to the subjugation of the contemplative Oriental by the vigorous European as a testimony to the superiority of our religion and philosophy.

God, we like to say, helps those who help themselves. But the time may be coming when we shall see a little more clearly the limitations of our favorite theories and practices.

Civilization based on *individualism*, Dr. Inge thinks, has defaced or destroyed much of the natural beauty of the globe; has made life more difficult than it ever was before, and now shows signs of breaking up from within. The gigantic aggregations of capital on one side, and the growing hosts of unemployed and

discontented on the other, are a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole system, which cannot be disregarded. Hardly less significant is the nervous overstrain caused by modern competitive business, which in the great centres of population, where the struggle is most intense, seems to be actually sterilizing many families and leaving the world to be peopled by inferior stocks. And now, amid these disquieting symptoms, we see the emergence into power of the Japanese, whose whole morality is based on the self-sacrifice of the individual to his country, who live the simple life, and who set the smallest possible value on the preservation of their own individual existence. The national strength of the Japanese may be attributed to a recognition of the necessity of turning away from selfishness — from individualism — and to the proclamation of the truth of the solidarity of human interests.

Says a recent writer in the Hibbert Journal: "To the Japanese the death of the national soul would be an unspeakable calamity, and the individual lives of all its present visible embodiments must be readily sacrificed to maintain it in vigorous life. The passing of any one individual embodiment is a matter of minor concern, it is unhappily the cause of great temporal grief to the individual's wife or husband or child, but that simply cannot be helped. The dying individual's spirit simply passes from the visible to the invisible realm, and what happier dénouement is possible to a life necessarily spent in building up to greater maturity the grand old spirit of Japan than a sudden passing over to the glorious, undying ghost world."

This quotation will serve to illustrate the cohesion, the solidarity borrowed from the institutional or national principle, and to show that the Japanese civilization is the product of a spiritual life.

Europe and America should learn a lesson from the late war in the Far East and should realize before it is too late that Providence has not definitely handed over to them, and especially to the representatives of robust Teutonic *individualism* the sceptre of the world.

In support of his contention, Dr. Inge draws a striking illustration from nature, where we see the individual sacrificing

himself in the interest of the race. In many species of insects, says he, the act of procreation itself involves the immediate death of one of the parents. Yet these duties are not shirked. That nature was careless of the single life was observed long ago by Tennyson; and assuredly the sovereign rights of the individual are not contained in her Charter.

Schopenhauer saw clearly enough that Nature's purpose is not the greatest happiness of the isolated individual, and that all her baits and traps are designed to induce the individual to sacrifice himself in one way or another. We are beginning to discover that Nature cannot be disobeyed and outwitted with impunity; that we have pushed the truth of personality too far, at the expense of the opposite truth; that we are members one of another. Man is himself only in *relation*, and he is most perfectly himself only in most perfect relations with others and all.

Over against the individualistic initiative of the American soldier so praised in Cuba we must set the organic solidarity of the Japanese so irresistible in Manchuria. Man is nothing, save what he is with and to others. The only good man is the good son, brother, father, husband, friend, neighbor, citizen. Abstract these relations, and what is he? Aristotle spoke truly, "Man is a political animal." The Anglo-Saxon may well reflect upon and be influenced by these Hellenic conceptions.

Into the family (where unity is the most vital bond between person and State) the Individual dies, into the State the Family, into the Nation the State, that through such widening circles personality may rise to the universal life wherein each man exchanges his little work for all men's labor, his little wit for all men's wisdom. Individuals die, the State lives on; States perish, the Nation lives on; Nations waste and decay; Humanity endures and waxes mightier with constant renewals of youth. *Individuality*, the fact and law of each man's selfhood within society, the State should insist on — but not *Individualism*, which is the assertion of selfhood against society.

How then can we blend the Hellenic and Anglo-Saxon ideals of citizenship and better effect *solidarity* and *individuality*?

In "The Commonwealth of Man," Dr. Holland says: "The more complete the individualization or selfing of the citizens, the closer and firmer will be the unity of the commonwealth, uniting them by their inmost and entire souls, rather than by their outward and bodily acts." The idea of the State which the citizens hold as their ideal of citizenship will determine the character of the State. The citizen must feel the State as his soul's soul, and live for a cause, a principle, the triumph of a diviner manhood than self-interest can ever dictate.

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THE SUFFRAGETTE

Her boast of a natural right to the ballot cackles when it tries to crow. There are no natural rights but beast rights like the right of the wolf to prowl, of the adder to fang, of the fox to raid chicken yards. Human rights are rational and social, ordained by the reason of the social man, of man as he is only in Society, being born of Society and bred by Society to live in Society for social uses and ends. And Society must determine by its own standards what ranks and conditions as well as what persons it will entrust with its offices and powers, or so-called rights.

If men and women were only individuals, they might all have the same individual duties, which could be turned into rights; but since they are of distinct sex, Society, which recognizes their sex distinctions, assigns, by its own experience of their respective adaptations to its needs, the parts they are to play in its order. Society regards Nature only as Nature, something to be tamed, trained, transformed, humanized. It recognizes in the natural man — if there be any such *lusus nature* as a natural man — no innate freedom which he is to give up for social service, but only a candidate for the freedom which Society has achieved, and would bestow on its eligible members. It governs him with or without his consent, and never heard of representation as correlative with taxation until Boston Harbor howled the maxim at a time when Boston-town was taxing whom it would, with or without representation, as it has been doing ever since.

The most natural man Society knows, is the man of least power, least intelligence, least liberty, least assumption of plebiscites and referendums; namely, the new-born babe. And he, though a sovereign babe, is not permitted to squirm or squall at his sovereign pleasure. At the very outset social hands imprison him from self-harm, and coerce his lips to the breast which mere lip freedom could never find. His small fists bring no ballot in their clench from antenatal democracies. Every convolution in his pulpy little brain is wound there by a mundane government that never consults his liking, and his

every articulate lisp acknowledges some idea which the same government has taught his inchoate reason. He is not even permitted to choose his language or his parents, or the place of his birth, or whether he will be born, much less whether, when born, he will wait twenty years to grow whiskers and act out the complete sovereign-self he has transported hither from Nature's grand preëxistent castellated void.

It is Society, omnipotent Society, that connects beard with ballot, and decrees not only what age, or estate, or race, but also which sex, shall exercise it; having as jealous an eye to the honor of women as to the strength of men in its contemplation of the supreme welfare of the whole community. If Society has not given the ballot to woman, it is because it conceives her duty perfect without functions of public government — functions too hempen for those indoor tapestries that require silk floss of soul. Her finer being has thus far refined Society by keeping out of its turmoil. To mix in that turmoil is to be coarsened by it without gaining the strength of coarseness. The degree of such strength woman may now pride herself in possessing is in no wise so ruggedly independent that she can pit it against man's. It exists altogether by man's gallantry, the homage he pays to her delicate wifely and motherly offices; a homage incorporated in all his courts, laws, public opinions, no less than in his personal etiquette. Let woman forfeit that homage by over-long hectoring about rights, and man will make short shrift of her rivalry. Nothing worse could befall the Woman's Movement than for men to take its champions at their word. Luckily for its progress, its over-weening unreason gives it a comic air, and men have to wait while they laugh.

They may laugh too long. The farce is growing serious. The platform fustian about woman's enslavement to man, the wrong she has suffered at man's hands, the time-long stunting of her faculties by man's repression, has been iterated until many quiet women are beginning to believe it with a smoldering resentment at their misfortunes as man's infliction; and to imagine that, if they were freed from man's mastery, they would fall heir to his powers as their separate sex-right. They do not think of his powers as operant under siege, with incessant watch-

ing and many wounds, chiefly for woman's sake; and that heirship to such powers would inherit their responsibilities as well.

For man, no more than woman, has ever had freedom to romp through holiday parks of life. Wherever he has gone he has held her hand as the sharer of his every good. Excepting motherhood, she has born no burden beneath which his shoulders did not touch hers, and take the heavier part of the pressure. If she cooked the food, he had to fetch it from long and arduous chase. When she hoed the fields, he wielded the sword, the spear, the battle-ax, in their defense, or fell bleeding before the robber-bands that pillaged them. She has endured much pain, but she also has enjoyed much exemption. She was never his slave except when he too was enslaved to a sterner mastery of circumstance. As his freedom grew, she participated in each degree of its anxious or happy growth. She can scarcely be called his slave now while he sweats in mill or market to bedizen her for club parades and convention rounds and semi-divorce flights across continent and sea. All legislation in her favor has been his overture as well as his achievement. In the whole course of her recent progress she has not thought out one forward step for herself, or taken it without the lift of his chivalric arm.

Never has man been so unkind to woman as woman has been to her sister women. In household set-tos, her tongue has out-slapped his hand. The sting of an asp may be as deadly as the crush of an anaconda. One Carrie Nation could rout a saloon full of ruffians. Now that man's hand is too chivalrous to strike back, the fearless tongue thwacks faster and harder than ever, and takes on a hatchet's heft and edge. Women may upbraid the social schemes of men as they please, but no man may criticize the Woman's Movement without danger to his ears. Though nothing else be worthy of veneration, this must be spoken of with reverent accents, so solemn is it as it bumps futurewards, like a brass-band in a twelve-horse catafalque, playing the Dead March in Saul. Silent, henceforth the jests that teased former days when woman's militant ado about her rights wore paper helmet and wooden sword. Funereal gravity alone becomes the contemplation of her present career.

For the sake of his old self, and the reminiscence of his gallantry, which was one wing of his religion, man would keep that wing uncropped for sky-thoughts. He cannot, after he receives notice that his gallantry is offensive and his protection impertinent. But how much longer, do you suppose these suffragettes can act the man, and at the same time expect the consideration which man pays only to woman? If they insist on being men, it is only fair play that they should quit banking on man's gallantry to woman for unwomanly privileges, which, as soon as got, scorn the gallantry that gave them — privileges accorded a woman's weakness while it was grasping for rights peculiar to man's strength. Fine strategy this — too fine to be honorable — that plays weak and strong, darling and dare-devil in the same act. It is likely, however, to be caught in its own trap. For, while at it, women are losing their own honor without gaining man's. Their effort to become better men than men, leaves them only half-women without one added fraction of real manliness, and it is this half-womanhood they whoop up as woman's whole emancipation, for which they would array sex against sex, and excite distrust towards their own fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, who, if disposed to tyrannize over them, would have gagged their suffrage yells long ago.

Their trouble is not that they cannot be men, but that they cannot be women. If their crusade goes on, they will lose the half-womanhood that wins for it whatever humorous toleration man's gallantry still extends to its vaudeville strut. It may take a century to uncover the essential Mary MacLaneism that mumbles a "devil's litany" through the tom boy mask. The cumulative heredity of ambitions, suspicions, self-publications, office-hungry intrigues, exacerbant conceits, loud vulgar brazenries, would need that much time to wipe out every trace of the sex, once called fair because trust and deference and blithe content and facile inspiration had smoothed and rounded its lines of feature and form. But form and feature would finally show the inner by the outer change. There would come a hardening and ossification of the whole nature — bigger hands, bigger feet, higher cheek bones, lankier limbs, flatter chests, hook noses, lips thin and tight, so tight as to turn in; tight,

too, all the skin of the face, and symptomatic of what blunt Dr. Bushnell calls the "colicky mind."

Indeed, some of the leaders already repudiate the ideals that preserve any torso of femininity. They believe that, given time for training, woman can knock out man in his own ring, and carry off his belt. They exhort their followers to harden their muscles gymnastically for the encounter that is to come, and above all, as in most direct line of future need, to swing Indian clubs. The love of national peace, which characterizes the home-woman, who fancies that, with her hand on the helm, the State would sail for halcyon seas, must give way to a renaissance of prehistoric ferocity. It is as the wife and mother of civilized man, that the home-woman would veto his military ambition by refusing its deeds the praise that makes three-fourths of their valor; but when wife and mother are lost in the old maid of war, woman's pristine self will bristle forth again like mail-clad Minerva a-jump from Jove's own cerebellum.

Yes, her pristine self, if you will believe the latest advocates of her complete supremacy. For, according to them, it still exists in spots on the earth. Look where all proofs of origins lie as if in Nature's archives, namely, among savage tribes that still retain primitive customs. Note that Afghan tribe whose women fight and chase while the men watch the village pots. Observe yon regiment of women warriors, who lead the king of Ashantee's male troops and fury up their battle rage. Did not Dahomey's body-guard freeze at sight the blood of their masculine enemies? And what were the Amazons and the gynocratic Lydians and Locrians, and Boadicea and Brunhilde, and the Valkyrs but relics of the same primordial dominance?

Lost it has been for awhile, but by only a universal conspiracy of men, who all together and everywhere took advantage of periods of child-bearing to subdue their women masters, and afterwards killed off their girl-babes to prevent reprisals, sparing a safe number for tribal propagation, or getting their future wives by capture, on the principle that it was safer to steal them than to bring them up. If history gives no account of the social over-turn, it must be remembered that men have written history and would scarcely advertise their own disgrace.

Besides the overturn might have happened in Noah's ark, or just after the flood, when the race occupied a small area of emergent earth, and the order of the sexes as well as of other things, was still in a state of most unstable equilibrium. Be that as it may, the capsize certainly occurred, as Dahomeyan, Ashantee, Afghan survivals of gyneocratic rule to this day attest.

Furthermore, Nature below woman bears out her gyneocratic claim; that is, Nature in its very beginnings, before it too was capsized by animal conspiracies against its primal order. For, there is the mosquito whose male is a shy innocent, unknown save to science, and content to follow the female corsairs that raid round and sting. And there is a certain species of spider, whose stout maidens sometimes grab and devour their lovers in the midst of courtship, and put an end to their amorous nonsense. And there is the barnacle, certain of whose proud dames carry their husbands in their pockets, as Darwin himself bears witness, after seeing one with a little pouch in either valve of her shell, wherein she safely stowed a little consort. And since time wheels in great cycles, who can doubt that the Golden Age, the Age of the barnacle, the spider, the mosquito may come again, and will, whenever woman recovers her plenary Afghan, Ashantee, Dahomeyan rights?

Glimpses of its coming have gleamed every now and then like horizon lightnings along the night of masculine history. No four contemporary kings ever hatched as many wars as incarnadined the reigns of Russian Catherine, the French Pompadour, Maria Theresa the Austrian, and Isabella the termagant of Spain. And you who fancy that any weak-kneed, soft-voiced, feminine pacifications will in these last days soothe civic tumults, hush the bellowing mob, put a collar of silver bells on the neck of Riot, have but to turn towards Paris where the Terror of the Revolution and the Commune ate human heads; and the reddest tongue that hung from its many red-frothed mouths was the tongue of woman athirst for the lives of women.

No, no, you reckon without your host, who dream that the timid woman of the home is to be the woman of the hustings, the cabinet, the barricade, the camp.

Women are wholly unaware of the extent to which the fine-

ness of their natures unfits them for political life. Their delicacy and sensitiveness would render them headlong where man's tougher fibre holds back his impulses. They feel everything quickly, intensely — know no half-measures. Their one earnest gait is a gallop; they run away when they run at all. They would be fanatical in their party loves and hates, and raise party feeling to a rancor it has not yet known. Their leaders would all be heroes, their heroes idols, their agreements friendships, their disagreements feuds. Should political corruption begin its work among them, as it most certainly would, their descent would not be slow like man's, but a plunge, stopping nowhere short of profligacy. And if they undertook legislative reform, it would be in no male opportunistic way, broadening down from precedent to precedent, but by tantrums, frenzies, explosions; outright, instantaneous, nitroglycerinic.

The ballot once in their hands, they would be less content and more rapacious than ever. They would crave public office. To gain office they would have to get nominations; to get nominations they would need to intrigue for 'pulls,' rally primaries, pack conventions, barter influences, play cheek-by-jowl demagogue to all sorts of men and all sorts of women, and run on tickets that would off-set the popularity of virtue with the popularity of vice, joining the name of notorious drabs with the name of colonial dames, and conniving at any fraudulent votes or false counts the Machine might deem necessary to insure joint-election.

Colorado is an instance. There a congressman, Shafroth by name, resigned his seat because investigation showed that he had been elected by female admirers who swore to false registrations and stuffed ballot-boxes in his interest. They beat the ward bosses and bummers at their own game. If they had been men, they would have gone to prison, and had their hair cut for their reform mode of purifying the ballot. But they wore skirts, and men spared them male treatment. Would your suffragettes make Colorado an America, and choose a Woman-President in the same sweet purificatory way?

The suffragette's recent capers in sober, conservative England ought to warn both countries of what they might expect from her

frantic balance — no, not balance, but perpetual shake-up — of power between parties. There her mode of reaching her end has been one of hysterical jumps and screams and seizures. She has violated every law of public or private decency that stood in her way; invading the House of Parliament; ringing loud bells to drown the voices of statesmen who argued against her swagger; assailing the Prime Minister on the street, or breaking into his home to burglarize interviews; and bidding the huge unwashed mob of London loafers and thugs to swell her riots — reckless of how much further it might go in wild work of ruin when once its rage was up. In power her motto would still be what it has been in pursuit of power: "The Kingdom of Woman suffereth violence and the violent take it by force." In that respect, if in no other, it is like the Kingdom of Heaven, and the suffragette is most heavenly-minded.

When well-meaning women talk about purifying the ballot, it is because their select acquaintanceship includes none but good women like themselves. All women, however, are not good. Sex for sex they may be better than men, but individually their good and bad numbers balance very evenly the moral count of their fathers and brothers and husbands and sons. The majority, belonging to the families of men who already curse suffrage with their ignorance and crime, could but magnify the curse. The female riff-raff would correspond to the male, and double its political power, while decent women, like the decent men they companion, would despise the ballot-box rating of their characters as of no more than riff-raff value. In proportion as they were fit to vote they would be unwilling to vote. The reform would play into the hands that have already debased suffrage into an imbecile or obscene mockery of its primal intention, which was to poll intelligent and honest minds into something like a public will for public affairs.

In the Eastern States where women can now vote for school officers, the number that use the modest privilege is too small to signify — two per cent in New York, one to two and a half in Connecticut, and in Massachusetts not more than three or four.¹

¹ These statistics, taken some years ago, are perhaps out of date.

Were the issues coarser and noisier, it would be the coarser and noisier class that would fly to their call. Nothing but a civic crisis could drive the angels of the Home to public roosts where foul-winged harpies flock.

If wives did not vote with their husbands, one knows little of human nature who cannot see what strife their discord would breed in the family. As is the family, so is the State, the Church, the World. No spousal courtesy the wife counts on for freedom to dispute a husband's convictions and nullify his citizenship, could stand the strain when the disputation grew hot with campaign excitement, and the nullification habitual. The quietest attitude they could take towards each other would be that of polite toleration; and such toleration would plead politeness as the man's due to the woman more than the woman's to the man. The woman might be too decorous to brawl, and rather seem hurt than hurtful, proving herself an artist in martyr airs. She would expect to win not so much by blast as by drizzle. She would grow neuralgic with sense of mistreatment, and develop tic-doloureux of soul. Her lackadaisical sighs would fill the house with a sense of female wrongs. Her husband would know her presence in his room by a chill in the back, and when he turned to recognize the cause of it would behold the "East wind made flesh." How long could his most tolerant soul escape rheumatic twinges under that mode of bleak persecution, and not seek a change of marital climate. The domestic music might have the proper key, a low submissive minor; but no patience, not even the most husbandly, could endure a perpetual *miserere* played on a bagpipe. Sooner or later the bagpipe would have to squeak.

The *miserere* type however, is not the rule. The suffragette is not apt to be of a minor-keyed temperament. She would insist on her rights first in the household. Unless her husband went over to her side and "caddied" her independent career, she would want her own anti-husband newspapers, companies, caucuses, and at his expense. She would arch her eye-brows at his opinions, tip-tilt her nose at his arguments, vex his pride by quoting the contrary minds of her friends as his superiors and worthier of her consideration. When he went to a political meet-

ing, she would stay at home, and when he stayed at home, she would find a sympathetic escort for her own late-houred powwows. As the home is hers, though bought with his money, she might display her partisan zeal by entertaining committees, delegates and distinguished agitators with luncheons and dinners which he would have to pay for, however much he loathed the guests and their endless jabberwockery about rights and wrongs. The monkey in him might hold down his paws for awhile under such parrot beakings because the parrot shared his cage, but when the parrot perched on his shoulders to bite his ear once too often, paws would go up, green feathers fly, the cage resound with divorce shrieks about monkey rudeness, intolerance, cruelty to parrot meekness; and the cage-gate spring open to let one or the other out for the woods, the free wild woods. Are there not enough such cages in the land without turning the Republic into a factory that shall multiply them by the million, as if to pair political monkeys and parrots were the surest way to breed a civic paradise, with domestic squeals and squawks for national airs?

What benefit to the Republic could accrue from such emparadisement of its homes, whose proper government makes the norm of all social order? Government subverted there, is overthrown everywhere. For government does not consist with any such principles of two-willed headship as woman suffrage would establish over the characters which the household has to unify first for the sake of the greater social unities that are to follow.

The household means more than a dormitory, a refectory, a nursery or even a school. It is a province within the State, a minor realm with authority to be recognized as authority, and with laws to be obeyed as laws. The suffragette does not so recognize it. She would detest the truth if she believed it true. She hates household authority and law, and would put argument in their place except when she loses her temper and has a fit of personal despotism. Even then she thinks her paroxysmal mode better than uniform control. For, government being in her view a necessary evil, it is best when least. Confusion alone can educate her children for civic order, licence alone teach loyalty. Her menage is a menagerie. Natural rights

must be consulted in the child as in the woman, in the woman as in the man, who all alike are things of Nature. No government without consent. The insubordination of the mother is mirrored in her children. Her sons grow up to be young rowdies, her daughters hoydens. Impudence is dubbed force of character, and latch-key liberty the trustworthiness of the American girl. Rights, not duties are the soul's diet; envies, jealousies, wrangles are its pastime. Companionship has to be sought abroad. Religion may knock at the door, but when it beholds the spirit of revolt inside, it will scarcely enter.

The first principle of religion is obedience. The woman who does not rightly obey her husband, will not obey the God who enjoins her submission. Her rights-ism is simply sex-atheism, and can only generate atheistic minds, though it pray over them a thousand hollow prayers. A Church of rank, order, ceremony, faith, reverence, resignation, has no common term with the character that sees in God's House only a squatter's shack of equal tenants, who can be equal only in the squatness of their beliefs. There where the Nation does come under the East-wind woman's hand, it is bred to anarchy.

If woman really wants to rule man for his good, there is an easier method. She does not need to leave her home to gain her conquest. God has put man at his birth under her government that she might train him to such headship as would still remain under her moral sway though over it in social order. The man she would be emancipated from is the man she herself has made, and her desire to be free of his rule, is her desire to escape her own negligent, careless, unmethodic, harum-scarum self. It is because she could not govern herself that she now cannot govern him. For one-half of a man's average life-time she has been his absolute sovereign. She has owned his body and soul. She has borne him in her arms; enclosed him in her lap; overhung his waking and his sleep; had charge of every hour, impulse, act of his childish growth, with every opportunity of so transfusing her soul into his, and making it the replica of her own, that no change of conditions might ever efface his imaging of her character. When the boy becomes a man, she beholds her product in what she denounces as

his despotism or admires as his beneficent reign. Which is it, O suffragette, and what are you, that you cannot accept your own work, obey your own law? If you must have emancipation, emancipate yourself from your own incompetent motherhood. If you insist on reform, reform your own ungoverned spirit. Practice your hand in the nursery before you reach for the sceptre of State. Learn to govern one child before you try to govern a nation.

Man is what woman makes him. When he passes from under his mother's hand, he enters the domain of some other woman. Good or bad, there is always a woman on the throne of his life. If he is a statesman, some woman's nerve runs down into the strong hand that steers the State through uncharted seas. If he falsifies the ballot, and betrays the general good for a price, some woman shares his illicit gain. "*Cherchez la femme.*" How can the State be advantaged by putting her in his public instead of his private place of corruption. Look to the capital of the Nation and see the female politician already there—the Circe of Congress.

She dwells in gorgeous apartments, the resort of congressmen and of bidders for congressional legislation. If she does not hold the reins of Government, her cluck determines the pace of legislation. She is in fact a legislation-broker. Her price paid, the wished-for measure passes. No questions are asked how the price reaches the legislator; the measure passes. What more could she accomplish if she herself were legislator except to rid the legislation she barter, of its thenceforth unnecessary brokerages? Francis Parkman, the historian, wrote more than twenty years ago, and a minority committee report to the United States Senate quoted approvingly his writing, as follows:

"The Washington lobby has given us some means of judging what we may expect from the woman 'inside politics.' If politics are to be purified by artfulness, effrontery, insensibility, a pushing self-assertion, and a glib tongue, then we may look for regeneration." But there is another resource which by no means can be left out:—"None know better than women the potency of feminine charms aided by feminine arts. The

woman 'inside politics' will not fail to make use of an influence so subtle and strong and of which the management is so peculiarly suited to her talents. If — and the contingency is in the highest degree probable — she is not gifted with charms of her own, she will have no difficulty in finding and using others of her sex who are. If report is to be trusted, Delilah has already spread her snares for the Congressional Samson; and the power before which the wise fail and the mighty fall has been invoked against the sages and heroes of the Capitol. When 'woman' is fairly 'inside politics' the sensation press will reap a harvest of scandals more lucrative to itself than profitable to public morals."

"The fault is with the sages and heroes," the suffragette rejoins. "Men corrupt women wherever they can. Women would always be pure and good and prosperous if men were out of the way." If there had never been a man, women would have painted pictures, built cathedrals, written epics, founded empires. Aristotle would have been a maid, and Spinoza a spinster. Earth would never have known a bar-room, a prison, a padlock or a wedlock. And even now these curses would cease if man would cease. No doubt.

But as men will not cease, what woman is to be among or over them when she mixes in their political affairs, must be learned from her past experiments. In history she has never touched politics without both catching and aggravating its taint. Her blandishments have caused more woe than her sense of justice has ever repaired. The safe-guards of the hearth broken away from, she has recognized no barriers beyond, and has led men to lengths of iniquity which they feared while they followed in her desperate train.

Israel had a Delilah, a Jezebel, a Herodias. Aspasia was alike the glory and the shame of Athens. Cleopatra lost Egypt three times, and died in the disgrace of the last love-scrape, which threw her crown away. Lady Macbeth saw no disturbing ghosts at her banquets on royal gore.

England had in Eleanor a vampire queen for Henry II; in Isabella a leman for Mortimer, and an accomplice to his murder of a King; in Margaret of Anjou an "Amazonian trull," as

Shakespeare calls her, whose plots and favoritisms precipitated the war of the Roses; the very name of Mary drips blood; Henrietta Maria pushed the nation to the brink of civil war; Queen Anne upset a great ministry, and robbed the State of the trophies of a long and desperate war.

France has a parallel record. Catherine de Medici means Saint Bartholomew's Day and thirty years of civil war. Anne of Austria was Mazarin's tool. A Maintenon instigated the revocation of the edict of Nantes. A dynasty of courtesans stretched across a century and a half of royal Louises; the kings governing the State, and the courtesans governing the kings, who preyed upon the people to pamper a reign of wantonness. Morality perished in public life and private. The intercourse of the palace gave a new definition to speech as the means of concealing, not of revealing truth. At last Pompadour bestrode her broom-stick, and whistled up the witch's Sabbath of the Revolution. Marie Antionette, the marplot, inherited Pompadour's whirlwind, and gave it a fiercer spinning, plot within plot, secret within secret, until neither king nor minister could surmise the course of the State. King, Queen, Court and Courtesans, had all lost their heads long before the ax fell.

Spain gave history a pious queen, who not only reigned but ruled, and forecast how woman's piety might govern empires. She instituted or adopted for her realm the most invincible of political machines, namely, the Inquisition; and hence Spain is still Spain, with Dominic for her Saint, and Isabella of Aragon for her lode-star.

Russia has had a number of woman rulers, but none so representative as Catherine II. Catherine stood at least two centuries ahead of her time. She was an agnostic before Agnosticism, a disciple of the New Humanity when as yet Voltaire alone had forecast its advent. A German, she married the Czar, and then stole his scepter by a liaison with the chief of his guard, who choked the imperial obstacle out of her way. She bribed the Polish diet to partition their own country, and when, afterwards, Kosciusko rose against the treacherous act, she put her mailed foot on his revolt, and it writhed no more. She en-

trusted her government to upstarts whom she chose and discarded at will. She systematized the sale of official favors, and set the fashion of lubricity at a court unspeakably loose before she became its leader. Her paramours were too many for her recognition of the precise sireship of any of her progeny, and hence she gave each hypothetical sire a becoming pension of royal millions. Russian politics has never known her peer, nor hopes for such knowledge in all the years to come.

England's Elizabeth is the sole title which the entire world can pitch to the level of Catherine's fame — paragon Elizabeth, the good Queen Bess of world-wide legend and myth. She, too, was modern, a veritable new woman of the newest type, away back there in Spenser's fairy-land.

Higher education — she forefelt it. Roger Ascham was her teacher. She chattered history and philosophy, spoke Italian and French like her mother-tongue, recited the Greek dramatists instead of nursery rhymes, read her Greek Testament in daily devotions, wrote a translation of Plutarch's essay on Curiosity, and curled off fantastic verse as the mood befell.

Not to mention her music and dancing, she could ride like a cow-boy, and shoot like a scout. Her voice was coarse and masculine when it did not shriek with rage. She could outswear a fish-wife. She boxed the ears of the courtier that provoked her. No politician had haughtier contempt for virtue, or kept his word with as indifferent recollection. She cheated all contemporary diplomacy and won the palm of a lying epoch as its liar paramount. When exposed, she laughed at the exposure. Her nobles were but the chess-pieces of her game, and she swept the board of knights, bishops and castles whenever the riddance aided her selfish manoeuvres. At the news of Saint Bartholomew's Day she of all persons in England betrayed no flush of resentment; and when the Spanish Armada went down she grumbled at the cost of the fleet that sank it — grumbled while she set about in her mean and stingy way to sell at a personal profit the spoiled provisions she herself had supplied for a longer naval defense.

Gratitude she had none. The one man she generously rewarded out of those engaged in the defeat of the Armada, was

the one who least merited reward. She forgot favors in the act of accepting them, and accepted favors that would have shamed any decent monarch. Walsingham spent his estate to save her throne, and died in beggary. She plundered her realm when she would, and no part of it more piratically than the demesnes of her own Church. She robbed the See of Peterboro and Ely to build up the house of Cecil. Government? Bluff Hal himself could not exceed it. It would have warmed the cockles of Machiavelli's heart.

So much for the man-side. But Elizabeth mixed some woman with her masculinity. She adored spectacles, lived on display, wore a nation's splendor and luxury as private collar-ruffs; the commonwealth was her wardrobe. Her reign was a series of pageants from castle to castle. She seldom sat among her courtiers without caressing her rings to invite attention to the prettiness of her fingers. The personal beauty of a man walked at once into her liking. Leicester, her 'Sweet Robin'—who had a room close to her bedchamber and was suspected of poisoning his wife for her sake—she fondled openly before all the courts. She could not exist without a lover, half-slave and half-worshipper. With everybody for her suitor, she never had suitors enough; and the promise of marriage which she gave her people, was broken lest marriage should check the multitudinous wooing she incessantly craved.

She deliberately turned frivolity into state-craft; hawked, hunted and danced in the midst of perils that the people might not see them, and flirted with more than one royal candidate for her hand in order to delay a menaced war. Coquette she remained to the last. The haggard face and skeleton frame of three-score years and seven frolicked like the vixen of thirty. She kept her billets-doux, all of them, and believed their every word of syrupy adulation. More and more frivolous grew her career towards its end, when she had surrounded herself with young gallants who had rendered no service to the State.

The great counsellors of her earlier reign had now deserted her councils. Their courtesy could no longer submit to her insults, her loose pranks, her absolute immorality. They had done what they could to cage the leopard in her character, and

had kept it behind the bars which it bent with many a mad leap; but now the bars were broken.

The nobility as a class stood aloof. From castle to castle the pageants marched in richer pomp than ever, but without popular applause. The land was silent. Then melancholy set in. Old, sour, forsaken, the mad queen sat alone with drooping head day after day. She suspected treason in every bent knee and fawning lip. By her side at night lay a sword, which she would thrust through the arras whenever a sound startled her. Meanwhile the Nation prayed for her death, the death of this good queen Bess, paragon of woman rulers — as every other nation has done and will do for the woman who tries to rule it.

One queen, and but one in history, has so reigned that the world has wept at her obsequies. For more than fifty years she wore the crown without meddling in affairs of State. In the realm her husband was her subject, but at the fireside he was her sovereign. She welcomed the many children Heaven sent her, and gave them hospitable birth. Court pomps and revels could not beguile her from the higher home-throne where she proved her transcendent queenliness by a womanly demeanor worth more a thousand times to her people than Elizabethan state-craft. And hence it was that every heart that contemplated the beauty of her reign in its grief for the consort who shared it no more, grew laureate with the prayer:

" May all love,
His love unseen, but felt, o'ershadow Thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass Thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish Thee,
The love of all thy people comfort Thee,
Till God's love set Thee at his side again."

ROBERT AFTON HOLLAND.

The University of the South.

SALVATION BY NATURAL FORCES

Every man reflects the current of his time;
few reflect upon it. Fewer still see its general drift.

Humanity as mass; composition of the forces known as human passions; velocity; momentum—whither?

That is the central problem of human existence. In our own day this problem is assuming a form the import of which grows only the more disquieting the more clearly its characteristic features come to clear definition.

Of these characteristic features the most impressive is the one which brings out in boldest relief what may very well be called the primal fact of human nature. This primal fact is: that the basis of all pleasurable experience is the sense of power. It is precisely the sense of power that constitutes the immediate assurance of one's own reality. I would, above all things, *be*. All dread sums itself up in the "dread of falling into nought." Conscious nothingness is the acme of agony. The torment of absolute zero conscious of itself would be the fitting antithesis of that measureless joy, destitute of which absolute Reality in the full fruition of its infinite work is inconceivable. So, likewise, each individual human mind, so far as it is really creative, looks from moment to moment on the outcome of its own productive acts and with exultation cries out: "Behold, it is good!" After "I think, therefore I am," comes: I am, therefore, I rejoice.

Nevertheless, as a bitter-sweet adage (supposed to be Celtic) assures us: "the most formidable enemy of the good is the better." Every human achievement is measured. And measured success is also measured, or measurable, failure.

Contentment, then, not satisfaction, is at best the lot of man. Content one may be with present achievement. He may even be promotionally satisfied with measureless prospect of new contentments through further achievements. But "satisfied" so as to say to the present moment: "Stay"—never!

In all which there is the implication of never-ending struggle. But struggle itself is implication not merely of power, but of power which is limited. In which fact also there is ground of disquiet, even of keen foretaste of the sense of nullity brought to focus through vivid fear of failure. And, the more intense the struggle, the more literally "bitter" it must be. Nay, the very hope of success becomes feverish, diseased, permeated with pain.

And that is precisely the character of the struggle in which the life of the present generation is more and more completely merging. In grimmest sense of the term we are struggling for existence. Not, indeed, any longer as individuals, each in his own way, and with something of substantial independence, forcing from nature his own bare subsistence; but in masses, under a "boss," striving each to keep his head above the surging waves of competition; striving also to escape the treason-whirl of secret eddies ever and anon set going by mere caprice of favoritism, or even from simple vulgar malice.

This new world of ours, in truth, is scarcely yet a hundred years old. Ours is the Age of Steam; the Electric Era; the Age of Might. We are in full swing of attaining knowledge more exact, more minute, more comprehensive, of the Laws of Nature. And through our progressive intellectual mastery of the laws of nature we are discovering the way of the practical mastery of the forces of nature. Science is Reason blazing the way for the march of the conquering Will. The dreaded gods of primitive natural man are becoming the mere docile servants of modern supernatural man. Shall we not then exult in our new sense of power?

"We?" That means a multitude, a mass. "Exult?" That is an act possible only to an individual, not to a "mass." Exultation is for me a state of mind possible only on condition of deepening sense on my part of the reality of my own individual being. Only in so far as, directly or indirectly, I see in the work of the "mass" increased security, increased wealth, of my own individual selfhood, only in so far can I find in that work the slightest motive for genuine exultation.

"Mass?" The term itself is ambiguous; and that to a de-

gree not less than sinister. There is not merely the mass of workers; there is also the mass of the product in which their mutually-helpful work is continuously resulting.

Suppose some one of the mass of workers is morally able, and immorally willing, to seize upon and appropriate to himself the total mass of the product. In such case what occasion have the other individuals for exultation in the splendor of the results of the splendidly-organized power displayed by the total mass of workers?

And this opens the way for us to notice that all crimes may be grouped in two mutually-complementary classes. First, there are the crimes which have their motive in greed. Secondly, there are crimes which have their motive in resentment. And these are complementary the one of the other.

Along with which let us range in order in our minds the following facts more or less familiar to every one: (1) There is the marvelous rapidity with which we are mastering the forces of nature; (2) There is the consequent grouping of men in vast masses, to work like machines, with machines; (3) There is the rapidly-increasing solidarity of the total product of the labor thus brought under the control of an always-lessening few; (4) It is thus made possible for just this diminishing few to exercise an always increasingly dictatorial power in respect of the distribution of the product of the united labor of all.

From such mountains of power, upheaved in our modern industrially convulsive era, the Messiahs of finance have been shown vast economic empires, with the assurance to each: "All these things will I give unto thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." And what one of them has not in fact yielded?

In a word, the new era stands apart from all otherer as in the history of the world. It is the era of that natural supernaturalism which consists in human control of the forces of nature. It is thus the era of dazzling miracles performed by man in the way of material production, and therefore the era of overwhelming temptation. In their own eyes men have become human gods (*hommes-dieux*). Under glamor of which idea the age has adopted for its actual practical guidance the Creed of

Greed, with vast combinations of all instrumentalities as the mode of its application.

What wonder, then, that mere individual crime, as commonly understood, should sink into relative insignificance in face of the colossal corporate crimes which mark the new era? Though, be it well understood, the so-called corporate crimes are nothing else than offenses of colossal proportions committed by individual men under cover of corporate robes.

Note further — fact familiar to all — that those who are directing the combinations of capital and of energy, natural and human, reach out and control in always increasing measure the whole range of the media of human existence. Along with which there is the ceaseless, tireless, victorious search for new and ever new ways through which the revised version of the Creed of Greed can be effectually applied in the turning of the new media away from their one valid purpose of increasing the welfare of all, and in forcing those media into the service of whoever may chance to be in actual control.

Not so long since there was much talk of a real or supposed "submerged tenth." How far off, at present, is the period of the unsubmerged tenth — or even tenth of the tenth?

We have said that the two types of crime — those of greed and those of resentment — are complementary the one of the other. To which we have now to add that the general resentment against corporate greed is the main-spring of anarchy, of communism, of socialism — these, of whatever degree, being quite frankly materialistic in their estimate of the real basis and meaning of human existence.

So long, then, as our faith has for its ultimate aim salvation by natural forces, so long as our creed is that of mere having and getting, so long as we believe only in the purely economic interpretation of history, we seem to have no other choice than that between materialistic autocracy on the one hand and still more frankly materialistic socialism on the other.¹

For the present, indeed, the "choice" would seem to be

¹ So far as the present writer is able to judge, the keenest, most dispassionate, most thorough-going critical analysis of socialism that has yet appeared is contained in Emil Faguet's *Le Socialisme* in 1907.

made; and that fairly beyond recall. Plutocracy is undeniably in possession, incomparably astute, highly organized, formidable in always and rapidly increasing degree. On the other hand, Socialism is in exile from the Holy Land of Fact, and so is free to picture by the mouth of its own peculiar prophets, the splendors of that radically materialistic New Jerusalem which it has no doubt of establishing when once the period of its exile is ended. Beyond question, too, contentment will there reign supreme. As Schaeffle assures us, the whole socialistic scheme for the reconstruction of human society has its actual focus in one elementary question—that of the stomach. And of course in the socialistic New Jerusalem all stomachs will be forever full (and none ever sour).

At the present moment, then, the general drift may be said to be fairly clear. Whichever version, plutocratic or socialistic, may in the end be the authorized one, the new creed assures us that whatever salvation man may sanely hope for is to be attained only through the media of physical forces.

But what is the nature of the salvation offered? Salvation from what, to what? To which the answer manifestly is: From an empty stomach to a full stomach; from craving of the senses to cloying of the senses. And what have we here but the auto-frenzied form of the sane desire to grasp and comprehend space; wine-supper-frenzied form of the same desire to assimilate the world; erotic-frenzied form of the same predisposition toward continuance of the species.

But perhaps we are suffering from illusion. According to well-known sociologists we are only just now approaching a great period of "Emancipation"—emancipation from superstitious belief in the "Beyond;" emancipation from the illusion of self-depriving, self-torturing asceticism; emancipation from complex barbarous traditional sanctions of the marriage bond hedging the way against "affinities." To have done with all such survivals from the childhood of the world is one of the most essential articles in the new, enlightened creed which proclaims to us that "now" indeed is the day of the one altogether non-mythic salvation; namely, the salvation attainable from day to

day through the application of natural forces to the end of gratifying natural desires.

Well, and what then? How am I to render those forces effective toward my own individual "salvation?" And the answer of the age is: "Call to your aid the almighty Dollar; or even, beyond that, the super-almighty Eagle." And who will presume to doubt the truth and the worth of such formula? Even the serenely-dreaming Buddhist has, not merely his Nirvana, his Perfect; but also his Paranirvana, his — well, Pluperfect. And if, after all, as Buddhistic pessimism would logically require, Nirvana really does mean "blown out," "extinguished;" then our newly enlightened creed merely bids us hasten Nirvanaward the dollar way, or even the eagle way toward Paranirvana; the latter (in this case) only meaning extinction attained in a flash, at a date correspondingly earlier; or, may be, with appropriately long-drawn monotony — roof-garden way, or Sing-Sing way.

The general drift of the current is less and less to be mistaken. Meanwhile, from the book of Daniel onward, still more from the time of Augustine's *Civitas Dei*, some sort of effort has all along been made to seize and estimate in its wholeness the vast, continuous current of struggle and achievement on the part of humanity. A hundred years ago it was the fashion to write (if the plural is admissible) "philosophies of history." In our own day the dominance of industrial and commercial interests finds its own characteristic form of utterance in the economic estimate of the whole course of human development.³ Beyond which is the still more ambitious effort in the direction of summing up all essential evolutionary aspects of the associated forms of human life within the compass of a new science, announced as "Sociology." Which science, nevertheless, is as yet so new that, by admission of some of its best known adherents, its definition up to the present hour has hardly advanced beyond the name. As for "Sociology," therefore, it would seem that the primary question: Whether it is? can

³See Seligman's *Economic Interpretation of History* for a brief but solid exposition of this point of view.

not be said to be definitely answered; much less such questions as: What it is, how it is, and what its real worth is — if it is at all.

What is of interest to us here, however, is the undeniably materialistic tone of the deliverances on the part of the explorers of this, as yet, No-man's-land. In a word, however far those deliverances are of the nature of reflections *upon* the character and the drift of civilization in general, they are still more to be looked upon as reflections *of* the actual present materialistic drift.¹

It seems, then, that men of the scientific habit of mind whose temperament predisposes them to investigations within this sphere are still groping for the really central characteristics, and still more for the general drift, of present-day civilization. On the other hand, certain minds of poetic gift have, with more or less precision, each in his own way, seized the clue and with greater or less degree of conscious purpose creatively set it forth in artistic form. Free, at least in most cases, from the "bias" of a preconceived system (into which the professional philosopher always tends to force the facts of history) the occasional man who, possessed of literary training, happens also to have the gift of genius, merely looks on, discerns the inmost throbbings of a given period of the total course of social evolution, seizes the features truly characteristic of that period, frees them from non-essential features, portrays in all the simplicity of their organic union those recognized as vital, and, in so doing, renders vividly visible to all the full swing of the inner, life-producing — or, if so it be, life-destroying — forces whose workings determine the period both in its actual character and in its ultimate outcome. Nor, as but now suggested, has the present era failed of such representation.

Let us avail ourselves, then, of certain of these artistic pro-

¹ For example, see Ward's *Psychic Factors of Civilization* and his *Applied Sociology*. So also Brinton's posthumous work, *Basis of Social Organization*. Which latter, indeed, is rather an attempt, in brief compass, toward outlining Ethnic Psychology — that other science still in the early stages of its evolution — in a way contrasting somewhat strongly with the general scheme of Wundt's voluminous, fairly cyclopedic treatise (not yet completed).

ducts as aids to the better understanding of our theme. And, first of all, there is the evil dream (*mauvais rêve*) with which Renan declared himself⁴ to be now and then disturbed.

It is the dream that, sometime in the future, authority may attain such degree of centralization as to have at its disposition the very inferno itself; not the mere chimerical inferno of the ordinary myth, but one wholly real, with actual tangible media of torture. Its masters will be positivistic tyrants and will have little scruple in making use of obedient, machine-like beings wholly free from shrinkings of the moral sort and ready for any and every ferocity. Human forces will thus be gathered in very few hands. They will in fact have become the possession of a League; the League having the power of disposing of the very existence of the planet itself and of terrorizing the world with this menace. Indeed the day in which a few, specially gifted with intelligence, shall possess the means of destroying the planet, their sovereignty will be established; such privileged ones will reign by absolute terror, since they will have in their hands the existence of all; we might almost say that they will be gods and that the theological state dreamed of by the poet for primitive humanity will in fact be fulfilled. *Primus in orbe deos fecit timor.*

Thus far Renan's own words, here somewhat freely translated. But, as Lemaitre points out, this dream involved a curious inconsistency. It pleased the mood of Renan to assume that these future possessors of absolute power will be good. This notwithstanding the fact that their rule is also assumed to be based on their actual possession of planet-annihilating forces, which they deliberately hold in reserve for the express purpose of terrorizing the world into unresisting obedience!

"*Mauvais rêve*" truly; even veritable "*reverie maladif*."

And yet, a full generation before the dreaming of this unhealthy, and thus far inartistic, dream by one of the foremost

⁴In his *Dialogues Philosophiques*; these, indeed, being characterized on the whole as *reveries malades* by no less a critic than Jules Lemaitre (*Les Contemporains*, Sixieme Serie, 11th edition, 265). For what is here presented concerning Renan's "Evil Dream," as well as for what is presently to follow concerning Lamartine's elaborate "vision," I am directly and mainly indebted to Lemaitre (same volume, 180 ff.).

literary artists of the nineteenth century, the same general vision of human rulers,—in this case they are “giants,” even “titans,” “*hommes-dieux*”—wielding absolute powers, was wrought out to really consistent artistic conclusion. This was done in one of the strangest of poems,⁵ the object of which is two-fold: On the one hand “to relate to us the expiatory incarnations of the ‘hero’ of this vast poem which ought to be called “*The Visions*;” on the other, to portray “one of the periods of the history of humanity,” namely “the antediluvian period.” It is of course the latter aspect of the poem alone which can be of interest to us in the present connection.

Even so, our interest has its basis in what, on the surface, seems a strange inconsistency in the poem itself; an inconsistency which in fact has not passed without strong condemnation. In a word, Lamartine has set side by side in the same period two civilizations which in actual historic sequence must imply “centuries and centuries” of separation. That is, while one of these civilizations is the pastoral-nomadic, with all its characteristic limitations, the other is “highly civilized and learned.”

Nevertheless, while other critics have found this juxtaposition singular and absurd, Lemaitre pronounces the anachronism to be “admirable, altogether full of fine moral sense, more true even than reality, than history.” And why? Because this “higher” civilization is purely industrial. It is a civilization of mere “panmechanism.” In which character it has become a “scientific aristocracy” which is “horribly unjust and pitiless.” These human gods have practically working air-ships. They have a superior, fairly titanic, architecture. But also, on occasions of festivities, the decorations of their vast halls consist of multitudes of nude human beings. They have a drama. It is

⁵ *La Chute d'un Ange*, by Lamartine, constituting an “episode” of a more extended work. Of this particular poem Lemaitre sums up his judgment as follows: “C’est le plus inégal des poèmes, le plus baroque, le plus fou, le plus puéril, le plus ennuyeux, le plus assommant, le plus mal écrit,—et le plus suave et le plus inspiré et le plus grand, selon les heures.” And, as we may add, the key to this inequality is given by Lamartine himself in a single sentence of his preface to the first edition of the poem: “La poésie n’est que ce qui déorde du calice humaine”—the cream of the foam, as chance may be, of human existence. There is a reprint as late as 1907.

hilarious comedy for the spectators, but for the actors (who know not that — much less what — they are “playing”) literal tragedy; living and dead at the close of the play being cast to the lions. The life of these despot-gods (*tyrans-dieux*) is lascivious, obscene, atrocious.

True, by referring to the far-distant future his evil dream of men become gods — having at their disposal and, for the intimidation of the world, remorselessly using, all the powers and instrumentalities of an actual inferno (satanic gods, after all, therefore) — Renan, on first glance, would seem wholly consistent with the logic of history. On the other hand, Lamartine’s “anachronism” is merely superficial, while in the deepest sense of the term his representation is just and “historical.” Of the two civilizations which he boldly assigns to the same era, the one is extremely primitive; the other, highly, “advanced.” But in truth the one is no less godless than the other. Together they are “only two forms of the same barbarism.” Indeed, “of the two, the second is worse than the first.”

In such imagery, therefore, Lamartine would seem to set forth and give striking emphasis to this conviction, namely: “That what is decorated with the name of progress by the illusion of certain positivists [we may now say: sociologists] and by the greater part of our politicians [in America no less than in France] — the progress, namely, of the sciences and particularly of physics, of chemistry and of mechanics applied to industry — is not to be confounded with moral progress, nor even with advance in well-being on the part of the greater number; is indeed not progress at all.”

Nor can it be too strongly insisted upon that all “advance” in a civilization purely industrial is, for mankind in general, actual retrogression. It is merely the multiplication of media for “satisfying” greed, which in truth is insatiable; greed of power, greed of possession, greed of the mere senses; the end of all which is despotism, selfishness, shamelessness on the part of the powerful few and, in the outcome, abject submission and degradation on the part of the helpless many. Logically, it seems “that the last word of a civilization purely materialistic must be the oppression of the weak by the strong.”

By all means, however, let us note that in truth the distinction is not between rich *men* and poor *men*; but between *rich* men and *poor* men; remembering meanwhile that every day recruits are crossing the line from each of these classes to the other. Still further, if I am not mistaken, there is a general conviction among wage-earners that no "boss," no super-man (*Uebermensch*), no despot-god (*tyran-dieu*), is so much to be dreaded as just the poor-man suddenly become rich-man.

We have been dwelling for a moment upon Lamartine's now more than half-century-old "*vision monstrueuse* of the city of Balbeck;" this vision being "quite simply the enlarged picture of the supreme industrial city." In its general character, indeed, we may fairly look upon the vision as a case of clairvoyance. But also, and partly because of what may be called the clairvoyant habit of mind of its author, the vision for us to-day seems to hover in the air as something having little connection with present reality.

In truth, the literary genius who was really to seize the essential characteristics of the now passing era and portray the actual movements through which those characteristics, by fairly irresistible impulse, are attaining their own specific form, must have lived in the midst of the events of the last half — above all of the last quarter-century. He must have been in the current, yet not of it; outside it, yet near enough for exactest observation. And in fact that genius has appeared in the person of Anatole France.

Not that this writer is alone in his effort to seize and portray in art-form, the general drift of present-day civilization. Zola, in his formidable, sombre trilogy: *Lourde*, *Rome*, *Paris*, had wrought out a vast and vivid representation of the irrepressible conflict between the old, ossified, powerfully resisting, yet slowly crumbling forms, and the new, swiftly developing material aspects of modern life. But also in doing this he fell in with the materialistic gospel.

In contrast with Zola's mood the brilliant cynic, Anatole France, takes up the theme from the point of view of a wholly disinterested, even mocking, observer. From which point of view he has portrayed, in sardonic satire, the main current of

French history with its culmination in those peculiarly sinister features which characterize the whole of modern cosmopolitan self-consuming life.

This he has done in that marvellous book, *L'Ile des Pingouins*, published toward the close of 1907. The work is a "history;" hence requires a "preface." Of this the opening words (in English equivalent) are as follows: "In spite of the seeming diversity of the amusements which appear to attract me, my life has one only object. It is bent wholly toward accomplishing one great purpose. I write the history of the Penguins."

The "preface" itself turns out to be an account of his own pretended naïve appeals for aid to authors of experience and repute in the various fields of historical research. He is assured that the only way to successful authorship here is, simply to set out the facts and let these speak for themselves; or, again, to "copy the best-known writers, according to usage." Novelties are "impertinences" which the reader always resents. "The letter alone is appreciable and definite," the spirit being neither. One must indeed be vain to really write history. For that he must have imagination.

Last of all, concerning the art of the Penguins he appeals to "le regretté M. Fulgence Tapir . . . a little man merveilleusement myope," but with a fairly miraculous nose, able always and everywhere to smell out the essence of beauty. The little man's study is crammed with documents. To these the visitor is cordially given full access. Mounted on a ladder he opens a packet. Instantly the contents, released, spring apart, expand, fly wildly about, jostle other packets, the contents of which give terrifying proof of the same strange quality. In a moment the whole room is flooded, Fulgence Tapir being once for all submerged and hopelessly extinguished; the visitor himself escaping the same fate only by a leap from the ladder through the topmost pane of the window. Awful warning, as may be added, of possible catastrophe to the original-research man in whatever documentary field.

Spite of all discouragements, the "history" is pushed forward and brought to completion. And, like every history, its earlier

portions are full of marvels. With these, indeed — how, outwitted by the devil ("who is a great theologian"), the holy man Saint Maël (at ninety-seven years of age) is turned aside from intended renewal of missionary labors and driven by evil winds to missionary labors unintended, being led to mistake the penguins of an ice-covered island for men, preaching to them and baptizing them; how news of this brought embarrassment to Paradise; how, in a great council there of all the theologians of the early Church, the divine decree was reached that (after being rebuked for his blunder) Saint Maël should be authorized and empowered to change the penguins into men; how, after this was done, the holy man, seated in his miraculous granite skiff, by means of a slender cord, towed the island safely, with its newly transformed inhabitants, to the shores of the Bretons; how those inhabitants, losing their penguin dress, became humanly clothed, entered upon deadly strife, established property rights through simple brute force, founded a state upon the principle that that alone is respectable which compels itself to be respected — with all this we are not here concerned beyond the fact that under such cover, there is presented to our minds the actual process leading up to the French Revolution; that prodigious crucible in which the social media of Europe were once for all brought into a state of fusion ready to be cast in molds new and radically different.

It is, in fact, in the economic aspect of the Revolution that we find the first connecting link between this "history" and our present theme. After the confiscation of the estates of the nobles and of the clergy "the bourgeois and the peasants," as our "historian" expresses it, "judged that revolution was good for the acquiring of lands and bad for keeping them."⁶

Hence their willing submission to the strong government of "Trinco." True, in the outcome Trinco left Pingouinie impoverished and reduced in population. . . . "After his fall there remained in our country only the deformed and the halting, from whom we are descended. But he gave us *gloire*, for which a people

⁶Concerning the economic changes wrought by the Revolution, see a series of essays by specialists published under the title: *Oeuvre sociale de la Revolution Francaise*.

never pays too dearly." Such the assurance given to a student of peoples in general who has come from a far distant land for the purpose of learning the precise truth concerning the Penguins.

The period succeeding Trinco's glorious rule was one of unparalleled vicissitudes, the very memory of which has grown dim. In the outcome, however, new social media began to appear. A republic was finally formed. In real fact, however, "the Penguin democracy was not self-governing; it obeyed a financial oligarchy which gave shape to public opinion by means of journals and held in its hand the deputies, the ministers and the president. It held sovereign control of the finances of the republic and determined the foreign policy of the country."

And here, in truth, our "historian" puts his finger on the key to the whole actual present-day condition of things. Government has ceased, or is rapidly ceasing, to be based upon manhood. Its real basis is, with less and less disguise, money.

Nevertheless, government on such materialistic basis involves its own peculiar self-contradiction. Surrounded by armed and hostile empires, the money-ruled Penguin "republic" was compelled by the law of self-preservation to provide itself — like every people — with "the foremost army of the world" and at least the second navy. To maintain which armament, however, the burden of taxation became insupportable — insupportable, that is, to all save the rich. These, without murmur, accepted the new condition because they saw in army and navy the means not merely of protecting their actual possessions, but also of extending their markets and acquiring new territories; media, that is, for still vaster having and getting.

To this condition of things some of the middle class, including many men of the various professions, resigned themselves as to the inevitable; while others impatiently dreamed of universal disarmament. Among the latter was the illustrious Professor Obnubile. For sixty years he had confined himself to his laboratory where no sound from the outside world could penetrate.

From which point of vantage he saw with perfect clearness that war is wholly barbaric. Equally clear was his conviction

that the spirit of the great industrial democracies is necessarily pacific. The science of political economy puts that beyond all dispute. Indeed this pacific spirit could not long fail to impress itself even upon the autocrats of finance. A great turning point in the history of humanity was certainly approaching.

Moved by this revelation, Professor Obnubile resolved upon observing for himself the actual disposition of peoples. And of course he began his studies with the greatest of democracies, the Nouvelle-Atlantide. From Titanport where he had landed he made his way to Gigantopolis, capital of the country. Accompanied by an interpreter he visited the Parliament, the first striking feature of which was that of the members sitting in cane chairs and resting their feet on their desks.

To the amazement of Doctor Obnubile the business, conducted by the president — the members scarcely taking note — consisted in rapidly disposing, in merest routine fashion, of bills of expense for successful wars waged solely for the winning of markets, and in the declaration of still other wars for the same purpose. Being assured that this was the ordinary business of the Parliament, Professor Obnubile, head pressed between hands, reflected bitterly: "Since wealth and civilization involve as many causes of war as do poverty and barbarism, since the folly and wickedness of men are incurable, there remains one good deed to accomplish. The wise man will accumulate enough of dynamite to explode this planet."

It is the first note of that sort in the "history of the Penguins." One thinks of Renan's *mauvais rêve*, and also of the life-long search for a super-explosive, to a similar purpose, by the chemist in that terribly earnest three-fold work of Zola's already referred to. The evil dream haunts the mind of the vengeful dreamer as a way of speeding the end. Before the minds of more sober men it hovers as a menace.

We have said that crime has for its motive either greed or vengeance. We may now add that our modern materialistic civilization is developing each of these motives by means of all the subtlest appliances and methods of science. So too our civilization is putting in practice, on a scale always increasingly

colossal, the first motive, thus inviting the putting in practice of the second on a scale not less colossal.

And this, as an actual ultimate outcome of present conditions, our "history" already foreshadows. Under guise of the mocking, Aristophanic spectator, its writer sees all questions of State, all questions of public and private justice, all questions of domestic honor, merged even at the present moment in questions of mere personal interest—gratification of mere senseless hatreds (as in case of "Pyrot"—evidently Dreyfus), of mere sordid greed, of mere individual vanities, of mere brutish lusts.

Even so the gospel of salvation by natural forces is in course of giving rise to new and strange asceticisms. In the coming time there will be the billionaire immured in his office by day and by night, subsisting on eggs and milk, sleeping in a hammock. Surrounded with electric apparatus he will have no other occupation than to push with his finger a nickel button. Such mystics of the all-sufficient dollar cult "will pile up riches of which they will never see even the signs, and acquire the vain possibility of satisfying desires which they will never experience."

Indeed the class is increasing of whose members it may be said, "Since they employ all their intelligence in affairs, they have no inclination for the pleasures of the mind." In former times wealth meant leisure. In those days the theatre was a powerful medium of intellectual stimulation and refinement of taste, the leisured class liberally supporting it and worthily drawing full benefit therefrom. It is no longer so. Already it is evident that the theatre of the future (in *Pingouinie*) will yield to the requirement of over-wrought nerves and benumbed intelligence so far as to substitute negro songs, jugglers' tricks, and the tumblings and contortions of clowns in place of the actual drama and opera. More than that; the final stage, presaging total extinction, will consist in the passing and re-passing across the stage of actresses gleaming from head to foot with diamonds, and of actors bearing on their shoulders huge bars of gold—unless, let us add, unless, through gladiatorial atrocities and Neronian orgies, it should linger and finally

descend to the level of the theatre of Balbeck as this appears to us in the "*vision monstrueuse*" of Lamartine.

According to our "history," however, the general drift is overwhelmingly in one direction; the direction being that of subordinating every interest to the one supreme end of increasing and of hoarding wealth. In the approaching era all passions prejudicial to this all-absorbing purpose will be held in dishonor; while everything resembling pity will appear only as a "dangerous weakness."

As for social media, all these will be "subordinated to the trusts," while the State will "rest firmly upon two great public virtues: respect for the rich and contempt for the poor."

Meanwhile hereditary nervous disorders tend to increase on the part of the rich, and general enfeeblement of mind and body on the part of the poor. In the coming time this latter will be accelerated among the industrial class by two artificial causes. The state will drain off the most robust for the army, the demoralizing influences in which will cause their speedy decay. On the other hand employers will take increasing care to eliminate "workmen with a too lucid brain" and will "employ by preference operatives who are illiterate and stupid."

Still further, by reckless chemical syntheses the food-trusts will manufacture artificial wines, meat, milk, fruits, vegetables; whence multiplied disorders of stomach and brain.

As the vision progresses misery is manifest everywhere. Socialism dreams of power, and is powerless. Arrogant wealth and frantic poverty meet and clash in strikes and lock-outs. Chemists, become frenzied anarchists, create new, diabolical explosives. Mercantile sky-scrapers, parliamentary houses, theatres, with whole neighborhoods of living human beings—mostly pent-up throngs of wretched poor—heave, toss, and sink in smoking, blackened, bloody ruins. No churches are included. They would seem to have long-since ceased to exist.

The natural end of the gospel of salvation by natural forces has come.

The "History of the Penguins" is of course first of all a work of art. Its form, besides, is that of Rabelaisian mockery. On first view, and especially in the earlier portions, the author

seems to be merely amusing himself in recklessly cynical fashion; to be simply "sitting in the seat of the scornful."

Nevertheless, we may safely say that all this mockery is but an iridescent play on the surface of a deep-running current of serious purpose. *L'Ile des Pingouins* really is a history — a history in transparent symbol, of French, — nay, of all civilization; a history such as only a man of highly-creative genius could write. Indeed, precisely that mocking irony which has become so pronounced a habit of the mind of Anatole France is manifestly one of the clarifying factors through which he has been able to seize so exactly the essential features of the actual course of events and to set this forth with such vividness that he who runs may read.

But we must not leave without notice one further feature of this notable 'history.' It is that the artist-instinct of the author could not permit him to terminate his work with a mere heap of ruins. By that instinct — long since grown completely conscious with him, as a matter of course — he was led to extend his vision into "the future times," far beyond the general convulsive crumbling of a self-dissolved world. In the course of ages the countries, once so densely peopled, so resplendent with the "higher civilization," now long since become a vast, unwholesome wilderness, are again taken possession of, first by savage hunters, again by tillers of the soil. Afterward come, one after another, hordes of barbarian invaders, conquering and reconquering the country — in short, a new Middle Age, followed by a new Modern Time.

Along with which the closing chapter of the book bears a sub-title which sets one thinking. That sub-title is: *L'Histoire sans fin*. From which one can only infer that Anatole France conceives of human history as a process forever repeating itself in cycles — after the fashion of the world-order as conceived by the stoics — the end of civilization being in each case a vast cataclysmic dissolution and return to the savage beginning.

And so he, too, in his own peculiar way, seems to accept as final the materialistic view of human life and human destiny, the cycles of which for him thus constitute one endless round of mocking illusion. Whence it would seem that the irony of

Anatole France only reflects what to him is the infinite irony of fate.

In former works he had represented specific phases of the general drift. In the "history of the Penguins" he sets forth, in his own inimitable way, his completed view of the current as a whole. In this total current is found, according to this view, the one real meaning of human existence—each individual a bubble on the surface, an infinitesimal momentary throb in the vast cyclic pulse-beat of the endlessly self-repeating whole. The mainspring of human nature is greed. But having and getting on the part of one involves deprivation on the part of many—and, through the passions thus awakened, the deprivation of all.

Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, saith the new preacher not less than the old. And, if there is no other salvation than that to which natural forces are the only means, then the nullity-facing message of the pessimistic preacher of whatever age is the truth for all time.

Nevertheless, the sardonic humor of the self-poised Anatole France looking on at the vast panorama of human existence sweeping forward, with its two complementary crime-crammed aspects of greed and of vengeance, to foredoomed final catastrophe—that humor is itself a proof of profoundest disappointment with the whole.

If, instead of an Anatole France, it be a Louis XV of finance who attains a glimpse of the general drift, he may be heard to murmur in his own appropriate mood "After us the deluge." If again the individual happens to be a genius of the gutter, there will come from him a wail like that exquisite, untranslatable rhythmic echo of delirium by Paul Verlaine; heart wounded with dreary languor by long-drawn sobs of the violins of autumn; recall of the earlier days, with tears; drifting; borne, now here, now there, by evil winds, like withered leaves.

If for the outcome of our existence we have no other resources than those set forth in the characteristically "modern" Gospel of Force, then, according to our "temperament," we will scoff; or grunt, and turn again to our wallow; or wail in mere helpless terror—with one only solace; the hopeless hope

that "to-morrow" the possibility even of a *mauvais rêve* will have ceased.

Pehaps, even yet, we may weary of the frenzy of mere having and getting — and losing — and come to consider with seriousness the possibility of a super-material salvation by spiritual forces; accepting which we may not merely avoid the cataclysmic plunge toward which the present order of things is inevitably tending, but attain instead a civilization really worthy of a being who is able to see within himself at least the germ of actual divine Sonship.

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TRANSLATION: A METHOD FOR THE VITAL STUDY OF LITERATURE

FIRST PAPER*

I. THE PEDAGOGICAL PROBLEM.

Not only is the poet born such, but the lover of poetry likewise cannot, in popular opinion, be created by any educational method hitherto discovered. This much truth there seems to be in the hopeless view of them that love not the Muses, that just as the poet requires for his prime endowment a kindled imagination, so the would-be lover of poetry needs to have his imagination kindled, either by the haphazard of personal experience at the due time of susceptibility, or rather by the transmission from another of the kindling sacred fire. No teacher, however accomplished and painstaking, will succeed in the matter of creating the love of great poetry, or bringing even to a personal consciousness of the worth for the pupil of high literary art, unless there be occasions artfully found or created for the transmission of the divine fire of worship.

Just however as the scholar starts out with the assumption that the truth can be known, so the teacher should profoundly believe that his "subject" can be taught; and in the case of the teacher of literature, his "subject" is really the "appreciation of an Art, and its products" or — and we tremble at the portentous suggestion, — better still, "the pursuit of the art in efforts at production." It will be at once objected by the facetious, that we have poets, literateurs and amateurs in a sufficient number to cause anxiety — a case already of overproduction! The solemn reply to a jest is proof of dullness. The real superfluity we endure is in talent untrained, or in talent overtrained because mistakenly self-trained by methods that exhaust inspiration in pedantry; or our superfluity consists in talent prostituted, at least vulgarized, by the demand of those who

* To the conclusion of this paper in the October issue of *THE REVIEW*, will be appended a letter and note by Mr. William M. Rossetti upon the translations of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

can read and write and reckon, but are none the less of the profane.

It should be possible to do at all events for Literary Art, what is done for the formal and decorative arts in countless studios, schools and institutes. What of the great expenditures of talent, enthusiasm, and funds in the teaching of the most spiritual of the arts — music? It is foolish to keep on quoting by rote "*poeta nascitur non fit*." What of artists in the other arts not less divine? Apparently no such absurd overstatement of the necessity of inspiration is made to serve as a suicidal pedagogic assumption in the case of those other arts. Aspirants after excellent performance, or merely appreciation sane and inspiring, are procured the conditions of apprenticeship, based on the needs of the artistic temperament in the average instance as ascertained from experience. Why should literary art continue to be considered an absolute exception, in that, those desirous of its service, are condemned to costly autodidactic experimentation? Because genius does occasionally win against enormous odds sensational victory on behalf of the race, shall we be cursed — not with "mute inglorious Miltons" but — with the pathetic wrong-headedness of misdirected ambition, the morose mediocrity of exhausted talent, the commercialized cleverness of improvisations, which are so clearly due, in large measure, to an inadequate culture and improper apprenticeship in his youth of the aspirant to fame?

In a previous paper have been stated, perhaps too tartly, what seem to be the characteristics of the Classic, and what therefore are the qualities to be sought for his product by the literary craftsman. But the problem still remains, how to eliminate the conceit and vanity — the self-conscious idiosyncrasy of the student — and secure his scholarly and business-like application to the mastery of his technique. Since, however, no teacher of literature at any college avows the deliberate purpose to-day of producing literary creators, — only at best refined appreciators, or may be pedantic water-witches, duly Ph.D'd, divining subterranean sources — it would be expedient if we stated frankly that the literary creator, and the literary appreciator are not so far removed from one another as at first glance may appear.

If I am to enjoy a written poem to the fullest possible degree, it must be that, through the medium of suggestive rhythms, rhymes and tone color, through collocations of word-meanings, and usage associations, I am stirred to re-create the poet's creation, to visualize, thrillingly realize, compose, construct, give enchanting verbal and tonal expressions to the central idea; except that the process is not thus analyzed, or followed in strict logical sequence, or in any necessary close conformity with that of the original poet himself. The same poem gives me each time a different complex happiness, so that clearly all sorts of variety is allowed in the process of re-creation, whereby the poem of the poet becomes my poem, and I its second poet for the nonce. The first poet differs from me, his sympathetic reader and the second poet, only in the fact that he was first to discover, to initiate, combine, devise, experience surprise, and thrill with inspiration. Besides, the sense of origination, of æsthetic pioneership, gave him a consciousness of unconscious power, for which I, his reader, must substitute worship of his vicarious genius, if I am to compass the gross equivalent for his large delight. If re-creation be then but secondary creation, we need merely distinguish between primary and secondary creation; and, while not presuming to produce or train genius as such, we can study how to teach "creation," without regard to originaive genius. So, then, the genius will thereby obtain help for his work of origination, and the man of less extraordinary ability will be brought to understand poetic art from the poet's point of view. The latter will be better fitted to enjoy his earned place as appreciator and patron of the art, not less rightfully *his* art in virtue of his ability to reproduce into glorious fullness for himself the beauty of the original work of his contemporary, with calm confidence in his own spontaneous yet trained sympathy as superior to any post-mortem health certificate called a favorable critical judgment; since from the nature of the case such a critical judgment absolutely precludes and renders superfluous any fraternal assistance on the part of the man of taste to the living artist, his brother of more temperament and vital propulsion!

Supposing it to be granted by our reader, for argument's sake at least, that the teacher of literature should make it his chief

aim to impart such training as will subserve the needs alike of the primary and the secondary creator, we are face to face with a practical question of pedagogical method. It might be shown how after a careful scrutiny of the field of masterpieces, cases rare, yet sufficiently numerous, offer themselves, for our purpose, of poems in the making. We have Chaucer's two versions of his Prologue to the Legend of Good Women, of which the second so vastly improves on the first, by transposition chiefly of paragraphs. We have similarly the extraordinary example of Wordsworth's intruded 8th stanza to his Ode to Duty; of Keats' rejected first stanza to the Ode on Melancholy. We have Wordsworth's divers treatment of practically the same material in the agreeable record of a poetic experience entitled: "To a Highland Girl," and in the magnificent lyric poem, full of rhythmic spell power, and inexhaustible suggestiveness, called: "The Solitary Reaper." Such opportunities for intimate glimpses into the holy place of the muses, and into the workshop of their priests, are not so scarce, but what a good teacher, who loves and reasonably well knows the world's great poetry, can keep a class most usefully and delightfully employed for the several years of a University course. The evil, however, of this method, taken by itself, lies in the difficulty of applying any but mechanical, or purely personal tests to the industry, proficiency and good will of the student. Besides, the imaginatively indolent student will content himself with his teacher's analysis, or with his own; and wholly fail to exercise the very faculties it is desired to train, through the means of the merely rational expositions, namely, the imagination, the visual power, and the emotional understanding.

Now for the student of literature who is so unfortunate as to know one language only, there is no help in the ancient method, which we propose by this paper to advocate and extol. He will have to combine the close observation of literary masterpieces, the memorization of particular Arnoldian tidbits; the exploitation of fortunate instances which are, as aforesaid, after all not so few but that, with the good student, they will richly suffice to give him an æsthetic comprehension, although perhaps they might leave him unstimulated to realize imaginatively, unless he have

imparted to him the personal enthusiasm of his teacher. But the student of literature who has at least the rudiments of another language; who understands, therefore, the relations which always exist between thought and feeling on the one hand, and sounds and words on the other, bound by the arbitrary laws of a particular grammar and syntax, that is to say, of folk-temperament and intellectual or emotional bent and habit; for him becomes available to the full the wondrous pedagogical expedient of translation.

It has been argued from time to time by the fanatic of language-study that literature cannot be taught at all; unless it be literature in a foreign tongue. Only with the difficulties incident to the foreign tongue, could that attentive observation of linguistic details be exacted, which is so fundamental to the æsthetic perfection of the artist's great work, and therefore to its complete appreciation. This, I fear me, is a desperate plea of the philologist with an accomplishment for sale, in an age that depreciates his divine wares. While the present writer himself is polyglot by birth and rearing, and naturally enough believes therefore at least in the cloven tongue, he cannot sincerely allow this argument to be taken for more than its real value. Pedagogical difficulty does not constitute for the good teacher a baffling impossibility. Besides Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton have been found in actual experience quite sufficiently foreign for the ordinary college student to require the use of the glossary in a right wholesome frequency, and to parse to his heart's distress for an intelligent report of the particular poems' content and intent. If Chaucer, Browning, Rossetti and Meredith be invoked to the teacher's further aid, in the interest of thoroughness, we do not seriously fear the student will glide along so smoothly through a diction and a syntax too exceedingly familiar, but what his faculties will be, kept in a walking alertness!

It is indeed too late to praise translation with the hope of being thought original! Down from classic time it was deemed the best expedient. Practically all culture revivals have begun with translation. But too often in the classroom it has been used as an exercise merely unto the close study of the foreign original,

rather than as a means of exigent discipline in the mother-tongue itself.

But, furthermore, translations can be collected and criticized, and in some instances produced by teacher and pupil, from the mother-tongue into some foreign language. When Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind* is carefully read and scrutinized in German, French, and Italian translations, much is learned as to the untransmissible glories of the original. When Shakespeare is pondered in Schiller's, Schlegel's or Tieck's German, or Hugo's French, one has novel, very singular and most excitingly profitable experience. Freiligrath's Burns or Byron, ay, and his Tennyson too, are not to be passed over slightly; and his *Ancient Mariner* of Coleridge is more instructive for us than Coleridge's *Wallenstein* of Schiller. The collection, collation, and sympathetic examination of versions of given English masterpieces into kindred languages, is then a pedagogical device of great value for deepening and rendering more æsthetically acute and delicate the study of the masterpiece in question.

This use of translation, although approving itself by the very first conscientious experiment, is still, however, not of such a nature as necessarily to stimulate the student's creative imagination. He may make the superiority of his original the basis of a Chauvinistic preference for his mother-tongue. He may study his original word for word, phrase by phrase, and yet keep the critic's attitude only, never himself wrestling with the angel for the divine name. Delille's *Paradise Lost* may deserve for a silly depreciation of Alexandrine couplets only, as compared with Miltonic blank verse, or to strengthen a preposterous provincial prejudice endorsed by the petty Emersonian line:

"France where poet never grew;"—

a line, the truth of which is so evident to such as are not masters enough of French to revel in the magical music of French verse!

Translations however into the student's language of foreign classics, which he can also study in the original, serve to correct this unfortunate tendency. It soon appears that all languages are rich and poor by turn. Always the poet knows intuitively

or by training the special resources of his instrument, and takes advantage of its native and acquired possibilities, so that, from the nature of the case, no poem is susceptible of a word for word, or phrase by phrase, or even sentence by sentence translation. A boast for instance like that of Mr. Dennis Florence McCarthy that "every speech and fragment of a speech are represented in English by the exact number of lines of the original," and furthermore, as the title-page advertises "in the metre of the original," cannot in the case of Calderon promise success. Conception rather by conception has to be rendered, and not phrase by phrase; and it is purely a matter of coincidence, in rhythmic and metric resources, if a rendering even of line for line is possible. Verbal identities are only sought by the pedant. The man of taste will be happy if he can find equivalences achieved for him, and his experience will have shown him how difficult is the attainment even of reasonably fair equivalences.¹ For let the familiar truth be spoken once again. If there be, as Archbishop Trench plead,² an "intimate coherence between a poem's form and its spirit," and that "one cannot be altered without at the same time most seriously affecting the other," this is indeed due in large part to the fact that the form is not "as a garment" but "the flesh and blood which the inner soul of it has woven for itself," just, however, because the experienced possibilities of expression have reacted more or less unconsciously on the poet's particular mode of conception. Had there not offered itself such a fortunate word, such an alluring rhyme; well, the composition might have been altogether other than it is. To insist then, as the "only principle of all true translation," upon "adherence to the form as well as to the essence of the original," is to ask of a translator more than the poet could himself have originally done in any but his own particular language no matter what his skill in any other.

Just at this point nothing could be more instructive than to compare the "Youth and Lordship" of Dante Gabriel Rossetti with the Italian original, which his brother positively

¹ Preface to Calderon's Dramas.

² Calderon, *His Life and Genius, with Specimens of his Plays*, by Richard Chevenix Trench.

asserts to have been also his own composition, as made evident by corrected manuscript. It was impossible to translate such brief lines closely, with adherence to metre, and rhyme system; and even apart from that consideration, with a feeling for good taste. What is playful in Italian may be coarse in English. Surely any other poet would proceed like Rossetti, in the translation of his own work to re-visualize and to render conception by conception, and where necessary, take from the vision in the second instance, what would suit the language into which he now renders it, although before, he might have neglected to express these newly-chosen elements, and expressed rather some others belonging to the same essential composition.

Pointing to a similar conclusion, we note the striking fact that Rossetti translated into English neither his *Barcarola*,³ nor his *Bambino Faciato*; the first depending so largely on a most fortunate rhyme "tomba-rimbomba," which could not be paralleled in English; and the latter little poem upon a quite praiseworthy and charming frankness, nay, naïveté, incident to Italian speech on the subject of paternity and maternity, which could not be compassed by a language bearing still, as doth ours, the scars of the Puritan Movement on its body, and the starch and bluing of a factitious holiness in the singing robes thereof!

Clearly, some theory of translation must be formulated by our students of literature who adopt this pedagogical expedient, which shall be modest enough to make a fair result seem within the regions of the possible. Lord Woodhouselee's well-known Essay⁴ (1797) might help in dignifying with classic authority and copious, however old-fashioned, precedent, both good and bad, the Translator's art. Matthew Arnold's still better known Essay "On Translating Homer" would serve to correct what

<i>Oltre tomba</i>	Beyond the tomb
<i>Qualche cosa?</i>	Is there aught?
<i>E che ne dici?</i>	And what say you of it?
<i>Saremo felici?</i>	Shall we be happy?
<i>Terra mai posa,</i>	The Earth never resteth,
<i>E mar rimbomba.</i>	And the sea, echoing, roareth.

⁴Reprinted, J. M. Dent, "Everyman's Library."

in the former may seem eighteenth century predilection for "polite" paraphrase. At all events, once a reasonable theory adopted, which takes into account (to repeat our contention) the indisputable fact, that any poet in his original, yielded unwittingly yet really to the demands, or the allurements of his native speech; and would, were he his own translator, do again likewise, only a trifle more consciously, when confronted with the commands and charms of the English Muse, to the neglect of any detailed resemblance between his first and his second production;—once then, such an accommodation between the translator and the paraphrast attained in theory, what an astounding education becomes possible in practice for the student of Literature!

Always will the language of the translator seem the more restricted, the less subtle, the less instinct with poetic facility, and felicitous correspondence of sound with sense. How will he not have to study the grand organ, on which, bounden captive of a foreign Muse, he must if possible transpose the composition scored for a whole orchestra of strange instruments! And when he has come to perform such feats with reasonable ease, supposing he has a creative imagination at all, how will he not, when deeply stirred, find it easy to improvise on his own account, as the spirit gives him conception and urges him to utterance?

It will be asserted, perhaps, that verse is possible only to the poet; and, that our college classes are not composed of poets. To this we reply: verse is an accomplishment, possible with fair perfection for any person of reasonable intelligence, if the training be begun early enough in life. There are those who have no ear for pitch, no sense of time, no eye for color. There are also, to be sure, defectives, degenerates, idiots. But it will be found that on the whole, a goodly percentage of healthy students do promptly master the art of versification with a fair enough degree of skill to make translation an available pedagogical method.

It may again be asserted, that we shall thus tend to produce countless pretenders, who, *invita Minerva*, will have to pay out of their slender incomes for the appearance from time to time of

innocuous volumes of verse which make the trained reviewer smile superciliously as they coyly look up to him from his book-thronged desk. Far be such a malign fate from us! To have acquired the accomplishment of verse, and the practice of translating great poetry, would if anything, tend to deliver us of poor, therefore quite useless rhymesters, and bequeath to us in their stead, good and perhaps excellent translators, and benefactors so of such of their fellow-men as cannot "read every language under the sun,—and think and speak and write in none!"

II. PARAPHRASE AND TRANSLATOR.

Now it might not be amiss, while considering the problem of translation, to make clear once again by illustrations, some of the most elementary, but therefore often overlooked problems. In attempting of late to teach the Poetry of the Bible, merely as poetry, the present writer was confronted with the serious difficulty, that translations, for instance, of the Psalms, had been made for all purposes rather than that of exhibiting the rhetorical, or rather the poetic principle on which the effect of the original so largely depends. Coverdale's English is much praised and not without allegeable excuse. But respect for the integral imaginative unity was not in his philosophy, or in that of any scholar of his times. Dr. S. R. Driver's¹ New Version helped much; the virile Dr. T. K. Cheyne more;² and Dr. Charles Augustus Briggs' occasionally; Mr. Horace Howard Furness (following Wellhausen) more often.³ Always, however, it was found that the new translators were hindered from producing the desired total impact on an unlearned reader, because the word for word, or even line by line rendering, however idiomatic—on account of the enormous difference of language, implied associations, obsolete religious suggestions,—most grievously under-represented, to a positive poverty, the original

¹ Clarendon Press, 1904.

² Book of Psalms, Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co. 1880.

³ Translations in the International Critical Commentary, The Book of Psalms, 2 vols. Scribner's. 1906.

⁴ Haupt's Polychrome Bible. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1898.

poem. More than half their real translations were, besides, in the notes; or implicit in their orientally polite presupposition of an, alas, non-extant Hebraic element in our diffused culture. No doubt the revisers of the Authorized Version, supposed that the Bible is *sui generis*, and must be translated without regard to the general principle of prime reverence for idiom in the translator's speech. Since, by the felonious practices of the unscholarly theologian, a translation is treated as an infallible, divine document, it becomes therefore, (in the opinion of many), more important to permit of no improper inference from the wording of the translation, than to produce the emotional and imaginative stimulations, and after-glows of feeling, on which, when all is said, the Bible must in the long run depend for its acceptance as literature at all, sacred or profane. To be rendered literally, and set every decent literary tooth on edge,—how conducive to the right devotional spirit! Well, the Revisers were children of their age, and servants, furthermore, not of the Blessed Muses, but of a half-hearted Modernism.. So their labors were found far less helpful to the present writer than those of Drs. Cheyne, Driver, Briggs, and the elegant Mr. Furness, whatever the respective demerits of their versions, in eyes wonted to the ecclesiastical twilight of the Gods.

The necessity of paraphrase was what bore itself in upon the teacher more and more forcibly. Nothing, to be sure, must be set down in the free translation that did not, upon careful inspection, seem implied or suggested for any intelligent reader of the Hebrew at the approximate time of the Psalms' composition and living use in Temple or Synagogue worship. But such implicit elements of the composition as could not to-day be obtained from a close English translation, were then to be explicitly supplied, and the whole cast into a loose anapaestic verse, such as should, at least remind us that Hebrew Poetry did actually possess an accentual rhythm of its own, however in some respects unlike that adopted by the translator-paraphrast as most suitable for his didactic purpose.

PSALM 180

Out of the deeps (as of the sea)
 I cry to Thee, O God, who art forever;
 God, my Master, heed my voice,
 Let thine ears be exceeding eager
 For my voice in its beseechings.

If transgressions Thou straitly reckon
 O Thou, who art alone God,
 Who, O Master, shall stand upright before Thee!
 But with Thee, ay Thee, there is mercy,
 That men truly may worship Thee!

I hang upon Him that is forever;
 My life doth hang upon God;
 On His name I stay my faith.
 My life more yearneth for God my Master
 Than they who watch for the daybreak.

[*Interrupting Chorus*: Watchmen (we) for the breaking day!]

Let Israel trust in Yahve!
 For He, that is forever, is kind.
 And multitudes find in Him their freedom,
 And He, even He buyeth Israel
 From all their transgressions, free!

The translator's modest contribution here lies in the recovery of the original unifying idea. The psalmist is speaking of himself and his people under the figure of bond-slaves of Yahve, God, that is to say, revealed as the unconditionally existent and self-consistent, who, however, condescends to necessarily reciprocal relations with them, as master of his slaves. Furthermore, he is such a master as makes himself adored and desired even as the dawn by the sleepless watchers of the night. He is one, besides, who will redeem not only the psalmist and his people to the relative liberty which his service constitutes, as compared with that of the Egypt or Babylon of their transgression (ay, and the only *true* liberty); but he is disposed and ready to redeem many more if they will but desire it, as many, indeed, as covet such a redemption. In this as in every other psalm, to be sure, the names of God are as critically important for the poetic translator as for the theologian. The awful mystery of the manifold meanings must be made specifically significant by regard to context, but more especially in view of the poem's

organic conception. In this particular case, it is the marvel of Yahve being Adonai that constitutes the very essence of the composition. So far, then, in one crucial matter, our translation must have improved, we dare to affirm it, at least in principle if not in performance, on that of the Great Bible or the Authorized and Revised Versions. Then, too, there is no doubt that the supposed gloss — the redundant "I say, before the morning watch" — becomes a real beauty when conceived as a ritual — or rather, a musical 'repeat.' We venture here to denominate it an 'interrupting chorus.' In sympathetic inclusiveness or catholicity of spirit the psalm has, nay, it would seem, must have gained not a little by our emphasis on the composition and on the construction.

Nevertheless, alas, for our own self-satisfaction, we also are human, and confess to grave disappointment. Our version is not the psalm we have chanted! "Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord; hear my voice."—"My soul fleeth unto the Lord, before the morning watch." These assuredly were incantations to quicken the dead soul, vehicles of aspiring devotion not easily surpassed. We had felt the 'deep' as merely metaphorical, an abysmal anguish, it was a proud memory to have experienced; we had imagined ourselves on its account anticipating death, and fleeing on the wings of the morning unto the very bosom of God! True, the Authorized Version had only "My soul waiteth for the Lord;" but at least the "plenteous redemption" imparted soothingly a sense of infinite pardon for our peculiar needs; and perhaps unconsciously we have indulged a voluptuous sense of monopoly in the feeling that God should be feared by our enemies for the very reason that there was mercy in Him for the petty foibles of the faithful. It was all so deliciously egoistic, purely comforting, and oh, so privately pious!

True, then, the conscientious translator and paraphrast in this case admit humiliation; but they must record at the same time the cause. Slavery is no longer a living institution. It does not delight us to consider the Eternal God as our indulgent Slave-Master, who has bought us from some cruel exploiter of soul and body. Indeed, we take for granted that He is merciful.

It can appear to us no joyful new discovery that keeping books against us is not God's chief divine prerogative and most commendable perfection! The poem, then, is too obsolete in its organic image for great emotional reactions, unless we first, by historical imagination, restore some quite fortunately unthinkable social relations; but even so, will it fail to occasion a very vivid sense of relief. Losing the overlaid poetry of godly paraphrasts through bygone days, we sustain in this instance so egregious a loss therefore, because what can be restored, instead of what must be removed, is of no very thrilling present-day worth.

Quite otherwise do we fare when we undertake the restoration and careful translation, with but a little aid from the paraphrast, of the 45th Psalm, although even more violent liberties were taken with it, and for a long time, by such as suffered from hermeneutical hallucinations and piously super-induced exegetical dementia!

PSALM 45

I.

Deep-stirred is my spirit : | how goodly it is !
Song-speech is upon me, | wrought fair for a King.
My tongue the swift pen | of him *wisdom constraineth*.

More beauteous art thou, | than the sons be of man,
Graciousness also | hath been shed on thy lips ;—

So the mighty God | hath blessed thee forever !

II.

Gird thy sword on thy thigh, | most potent War-Lord,
Thy hallowed glory | yea, and thy majesty.

Tread down, press forward | ride forth to battle,
For steadfast truth | and meekness, even justice,
And awful marvels | thy right hand shall show thee !

Thy darts are made keen, | the peoples fall before thee,
Stricken in spirit | be the foes of the King.

Thy throne is, O Might of God, | from of old and for aye,
An upright sceptre | the rod of thy rule ;
Loved hast thou justice | and abhorred ungodliness :

So, the mighty God, | thy God, did anoint thee
With a chrism of gladness | above all kings !

III.

Myrrh, aloes and cassia | they be thy vesture,
From ivory king-halls | where thou takest delight;
Daughters of kings | be among thy jewels,
At thy right a King's bride | all Or of Ophir.

Harken, O daughter | and bend low thine ear,
Remember not thy people | nor the house of thy father,
And the King shall long | (*fair as Eve!*) | for thy beauty,
He thy Lord is and God, | O bow thee before him,
And the daughter of the mightiest | shall come with a gift,
Of thy face shall sue favor | the wealth-lords of the people.

Altogether is she glorious | the King's daughter in *thy presence*,
Close-woven broideries | of gold her raiment,
In many-hued tissue | is she led to the King.

Virgin-trains of her comrades | shall be brought unto thee,
O be they led | exulting and gladsome,
O may they enter | the high hall of the King.

In the stead of thy fathers | shall stand up thy sons,
Whom thou shalt appoint thee | o'er all the earth chiefs!

Made-memorable be thy name thro' me | from age unto age
Where peoples shall praise thee | from of old and for aye!

First let us note the elements of paraphrase. The "ready scribe" with which ends the third line can convey no poetic joy to us as a metaphor, we who recall only too well "scribes, pharisees, hypocrites." To modernize it as "ready writer" only makes matters but a little worse. We have here in our poem a lost institution, a forgotten calling; and "him wisdom constraineth," describing his dignity and supposed function, is the best we were able to do towards the literary salvage of the opening lines. The intruded "fair as Eve" in the seventh line of the third stanza, is the restoration of an ancient pun which the rhythmic utterance, and surely the context, would keep present here in a Hebrew poet's mind, convinced reverently as he was of the significance at all times of personal names, and the gravity of the most trivial double ententes. To "desire" for the Hebrew was "to Eve"; and "Eve" was she whom God fashioned to utter in flesh the desire of man's eyes, and of his soul. So, to the king of the 45th Psalm, the bride is the desire of his eyes and of his soul, created on purpose for his

divine delectation. Apart from this particular pun, the paraphrast has had in this case a sinecure. What we offer is altogether the work of the conscientious translator, assisted in difficult places by the textual emender. When we alter the picture of the king as Rameses the Great slaughtering his foes, to the extent of making them be more humanely "stricken in spirit;" we do but recall ancient physiological psychology, which located the passions in the liver, pity and envy in the bowels, intellect and spiritual energy in the breast — particularly the heart — leaving the brain without ascertainable use to man. The same word is used here by the Psalmist as in the first line which we rendered "deep stirred is my spirit." But how revolutionary is not the change our translator has here wrought! We have now a true encomiastic epithalamial ode; and if it be taken Messianically, it must be on the score only of the theme:— a king greeted, in the hope of his realizing the Oriental ideal of kingship,—rather than on the score of any quotable theological phrases. If "anointed" with a "chrism" of gladness,— which saves him, at least verbally, from our modern disgust at the fate of Aaron's priestly beard;— he is not yet *the* Anointed, the "Christ," by many tokens royal alike and human. He has "sons" in the stead of fathers "for his honour;" and requires the poet's praise to immortalize his name. If he be in the place of God—"He thy Lord is, and God,"—this is alone mystically, for love's sake, to the bride; and if he be the very "Might of God," it is as occupant of a theocratic seat, for the cause's sake he espouses:— justice, compact of steadfast truth and meekness; and lastly, for his passionate and proud self-appropriation of the "mighty God" as indeed his very own. Still, as substantiating an Oriental King-ideal, who would deny the hero of the 45th Psalm an active and honorable part in fashioning the popular conception of the Messiah?

It is not the translator's fault if the historical critic uses the quite-questionable reading, "the daughter of Tyre," to identify the bride with the abominable Jezebel; and the praised King with the cruel Ahab; neither is he responsible for any possible agreement with the hopes entertained by the disaffected, in

connection with the accession of Jehu, the prophet-anointed usurper. Such definite and doubtful localizations hinder the poem's breadth of application and depth of emotional appeal; and are, from the poetical critic's point of view, irrelevant, nay, noxious gossip; from which, following St. Jerome's reading in his third critical Psalm Version,¹ we venture to deliver the present reader!

But there are cases in which century-long adoptions of a particular interpretation have to be fought, if we are to restore the integrity of the poetic conception. Of such cases let Psalm 23 prove a painful instance. All through the poem we deal, according to our judgement, with the sheep only, and the shepherd. The preceding and concluding chorus imply, in the natural view of the poem, the same figure as do the first two stanzas. The third must be more or less attracted to the remainder, despite "pasture's" possible meaning of feast, or "stretch" as "recline" at a banquet. But granted the proposed audacity, and again we have no more what the commentators gave us: the conventional feeding unto repleteness, and imbibing unto drunkenness at a board of divine plenty, with mysterious enemies inexplicably behind shields, or across the conveniently intervening tables. We have, instead, a most thrilling adventure:—on the high table-lands, the panthers and wolves are kept off by the shepherd, and the pasture has been cleared of poisonous weeds; the silly sheep, straying to the edge of the wilderness, is rescued from the prowling wild beast in wait for estrays; and his wounds are tenderly salved; too faint, however, to be driven to the brook for refreshment, the divine shepherd has given him to drink, from his own very flask in his very own cup, exhilarating now more than wine!

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM 23

Who unto his own ever cometh² | he, my shepherd, nourisheth me
Wherefore (his very own sheep) | I shall fail of no goodly thing.

¹ From the Hebre wtext, not from the Septuagint; *Quincuplex Psalterium*, 1508, text edited by Paul de Lagarde. 1874.

² The eternity of the divine name is viewed here dynamically, and in motion toward both himself and those he loves.

In the green homes of sprouting young grass | he biddeth me stretch in noon.
To wells of rest and refreshment | he leadeth me by gentle degrees, [plenty,
He quickeneth in me once again | the delight and desire of life,
He goeth before to guide me | in straight paths — true to his name!

Yea, although to the hill-pass⁹ I wend | through gorges by day of death-gloom,
I will harbor no fear at all | lest anywise harm may befall me;
For thou, that art even thyself, | art verily nigh unto me,
Thy staff-of-sway and thy crook | when I pant, upstay me with cheer.

Thou spreadest abroad before me | my pasture (as were I thy guest)
Meetly in th' immediate sight | of such as would harry and slay me;
Thou hast soothed with healing ointment | my *cruelly-bruised* head,
And my cup (thine own, in my faintness) | overfloweth with gladness of heart.

Goodness and mercy (his sheep-dogs twain) | my life-long surely shall drive me
And I will return all my days to *his* fold, | who cometh to his own forever!

Vividly conscious we are of the bracketed temerity in the last chorus: "goodness and mercy" visualized as sheep-dogs, driving the sheep to the fold again and again! But so the text is explained that says the sheep returns forever and not "abides forever" in the Lord's house, shed, stable, or fold; and the vocable for "drive" (translated in the most authoritative dictionary "to dog") gets its full hitherto uncomprehended force. But, granted the temerity, who would not rather see in "goodness and mercy" the shepherd's sheep-dogs, than flunkies (as some prominent scholars would have them be), mysteriously driving the guests frantic with their officious attentions! If, however, the scandalized reader prefers (unallured by the anti-vivisection text so obtained) he may drop at will the paraphrastic suggestion and our parenthesis, and rejoice in the figure of the third stanza as merely implied with quiet innocuous delicacy.

There are, on the other hand, psalms in which the translator needs but verbal help from the paraphrast, like the 8th, which we here offer for inspection. True, the second and third stanzas get a fresh significance in the contrast of vital and inorganic manifestations of God's power; true, the line about the Leviathan, hitherto mere tautology, is a delightful surprise; and the renderings of man in his glory and in his humility (that is of the two Hebrew terms for man, paraphrased and contrasted), constitute mentionable restorations; true also the

⁹A. V.: Valley of the Shadow of Death.

"lacking little to the stature of might that is God" has a Swinburnian rhythmic splendor, such as that poet so liberally drew himself from the Bible, and which we compel him to restore, for the nonce; true the "making sweet sabbath of rest" to the hero of the vendetta, helps much in comprehending the influence of the divine revelation through the babes at the mother's breast. But it is in no rendering of a noteworthy rediscovery, or textual emendation, or elucidation, that our service in this case consists. After all, if the quoted paraphrase is uplifting and imaginatively seizing, this is due to the strict dominance of every phrase, hemistich, line, stanza, by the same one thought, as was not the case in either the Authorized or in the Prayer Book Version.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM 8

Choric Refrain:

O Thou who alone art forever, | O Lord of us, thine own,
How high exalted Thy name and the truth thereof | through the compass of
the world:

Thou, who hast upreared Thy war-splendor divine | far over the heavens
Forth of the mouths of babes, ay, sucklings, | hast founded Thy strength of
life,

So answering such as be fain | with hate to bind down and beset Thee,
So making sweet Sabbath of rest | to the foe and his kinsman's avenger;—

When I cast up my eyes to Thy heaven | wrought of old with thy fashioning
fingers;

The moon and the stars whose pathways | Thou, changeless, hast estab-
lished unchanging,

Lo! what is man, the loftiest, who with his breath ceaseth, | that thou in thy
thoughts shouldest cherish him?

What is man, the lowliest child of the soil, | woman-born, very man, that Thou
should'st draw nigh him with solace?

Thou hast made him such that he lacketh but little | to the stature of might
that is God,

And with weight of worth, and adornment of grace, | Thou hast shielded,
crowned, and enwreathed him.

Thou hast caused him to rule | over all Thou hast wrought with thy fashion-
ing master-hand,

The whole hast thou bounded and fixed in its station | as footstool under his
feet:—

The thunder-voice of Yahweh | uttereth His creative might,
The thunder-voice of Yahweh | giveth forth His awful beauty,

The thunder-voice of Yahweh | shattereth the cedar trees,
Yahweh, and He alone, | doth shiver the cedars of Lebanon,

Lebanon He maketh in sheet-lightning | to leap like a young unicorn,
Yea Sirion also | like a lusty fleet bull of the wilds,

The thunder-voice of Yahweh | heweth the scarpèd rocks,
Yahweh, He alone heweth | the rocks with forkèd flames,

The thunder-voice of Yahweh | doth make the barren waste to dance,
Yahweh alone doth whirl about | the barren waste of Kadesh!

The thunder-voice of Yahweh | causeth the térebinth-trees to writhe,
Yahweh, and He alone, | rippeth and strippeth the forests bare,¹⁰

(Interrupting semi-chorus):

(Yet in the mansion of His Majesty | all things say softly: Glory!)

Grand Chorus:

Yahweh at the flood of yore | did set aloft His throne,
Yahweh thereon is enthroned | as King in judgement forever,

Yahweh, His strength divine | upon His own bestoweth,
Yahweh bestoweth His blessing | upon His people, ay, Peace!

In the 45th Psalm the translator exhibited to the attentive scrutinizer of his typography, a somewhat interesting æsthetic phenomenon, in the waxing stanza, not unanalogous to the gradual swelling or cumulative tripartite "Song of Miriam." The artful stanzas consist, namely of sub-stanzas respectively: the first,—of three lines, two lines, and a chorus of one line; the second—of two lines, three lines, two, three (a noteworthy doubling the first stanza) and a chorus of two lines (similarly doubling the first chorus); the third, of four lines, of six lines (doubling the first stanza in a different fashion), and then one of three, another of three, one of two and a chorus again as before of two lines. So strong is this impression of orderly unfoldment and strengthening by mathematical progression, that one becomes averse on this ground alone, if none other, to the ingenious detection and removal of glosses. Let the anxious observe what Dr. Briggs has left of the 45th Psalm, and then

¹⁰ A. V.: The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to bring forth young, and discovereth the thick bushes.

ask if the present translator is an iconoclast! Perhaps he may be a redresser, rather, of icons on idolatrous pedestals; but that is not so bad, if the holy icons redressed are actually in the text of the original, which text is, whatever its faults, the best we are ever likely to possess on earth.

Carefully noting, then, this system of stanzas within stanza, we may sometimes be able to restore a lost line to its place, and produce a startling and legitimate beauty. Psalms 42 and 43 are by universal consent one poem. There is also, obviously even for the reader of the authorized version, a refrain after each stanza. Strange to say, in the second and third instance, although separated by an unfortunate editorial divorce, the refrain of the stanzas is identical; while in the first instance the Hebrew text shows a small, but all-important variation. Perhaps the second stanza opening with "O my God" caused some scribe to omit *God* from the last place in the just preceding refrain. But if so, why was it not later on restored? The omission is so singular, as to suggest its being intentional. Besides, when we note the text as it stands, a most audacious Joblike meaning begins to permeate the first stanza by retrospect from the refrain, which spreads irresistibly to the following stanzas. The Psalmist is faithful but unhappy, with a sense of fatal separation from his God. In the North in the snowy Hermon summits, to the East in the fertile Jordan valley, ay, and in the heart of the South, on the little hill of Zion,¹¹ God seems afar off, and some one taunts him (within his soul, or without) nay, many men taunt him: "Where is now thy God?" View the troublesome lines in the second stanza as an interrupting chorus (say, of children); observe the system of sub-stanzas within the stanzas; supply the missing taunt, which is cardinal to the composition, and so complete the rhythmic construction of the third stanza, and observe the amazing force given by contrast to the line following; and read then the translation in which there are hardly any liberties of the paraphrast beyond the renderings of latent meanings to the divine name, and let the honest literary reader report whether or not

¹¹ Usually considered an unintelligible line!

there be gain in a purely literary translation of a literary masterpiece, for the religious, ay, or even for the theological reader.

PSALM 42-43

I.

As a hind that panteth and yearneth | after the swift-running waters
Even so panteth my soul and yearneth | after the God of great might!
My soul is athirst for th' omnipotent God | for God the deep well-spring of
How long ere I go up and behold | the countenance of God? [life;

My own secret tears are become | my stay, yea, my bread day and night,
The while all day long one taunteth me: | "Where, pray, is thy God of
great might?"

These things am I fain to remember | and shed forth my soul upon me:
How I led the multitude solemnly | to the abode of the mighty God,
With jubilant shout and thanksgiving | in the blithesome throng at the feast.

Chorus:

Wherefore art thou thus bowed low, O my soul, | and makest thy moan
over me?
Abide thou God's time, Who forever is, | seeing surely I shall yet give him
praise
For the marvellous manifold salvation | of his countenance, even God's!

II.

O my God, my soul is bowèd low | that I needs must remember thee
From the land of Jordan and the Hermon-peaks | yea, even from thy lowly
hill:
Abyss above shouteth to abyss below | at the cry of thy poured-forth cata-
racts;
All thy breaking billows and rolling waves | upon *me* do they pass over!

(Interrupting voices, probably of children):

[Day by day, He that is Yahve | giveth charge to his loving-kindness,
And in the night-season the spirit of song, | even His, is with me.]

A prayer, lo, my prayer | to the mighty God, the fount of my life:
I will say to my strong God, my Rock, | why hast thou stricken me from
remembrance?

Why in sackcloth and ashes go I | in the midst of the encompassing foe?
And with sneers that shatter my bones | my opponents scornfully gibe me;
While all the day long men taunt me: | "Where, pray, is thy God of great
might?"

Chorus:

Wherefore art thou thus bowèd low, O my soul | and makest thy moan over
me?
Abide thou God's time, Who forever is, | seeing surely I shall yet give him
praise
For the marvelous manifold salvation | of thy countenance, and my God!

III.

My judge be thou, and plead my plea | against a cruel and impious people,
From a man without scruple and iniquitous | O do thou help me escape;
For thou, thou art the God of my might. | Why cast me off as abominable?
Why in sackcloth and ashes roam I hither and thither | in the midst of the en-
compassing foe?

(While all the day long men taunt me: | "Where, pray, is thy God of great
might?")

O stretch forth thy light and thy troth | that they may guide me and ward
me!

To thy holy hill let them bring me, | to the abiding place of thy greatness,
That I may go in to the altar of God, | yea, God the joy of my joy,
And I with the harp will bless thee, | O omnipotent God, my God.

Chorus:

Wherefore art thou thus bowèd low, O my soul, | and makest thy moan
over me?
Abide thou God's time, who forever is, | seeing surely I shall yet give Him
praise
For the marvelous manifold salvation | of my countenance, and my God!

Of course our versions would have to be outfitted with an elaborate system of footnotes, followed by an excursus for each stanza, and a score of appendices duly bespattered all over with Hebrew and Greek letters for their justification to the erudite. In our defence we will only adduce a line of Emanuel Geibel, who at the conclusion of his *Distichen aus Griechenland*, enumerates all that a poet should be, and finishes with the line:

Aber der Thor nur verlangt dass ein Gelehrter er sei.
(But only a fool requires that a learned pedant he be.)

At many points, quite as many as any translator, he had to resolve ambiguities, select between possible alternatives, restore for probable corruptions of text; doubtless, although he had in the present examples of his industry the help of a scholarly

colleague,¹² he was no doubt quite often in error; but chiefly, from all sorts of other points of view than his own! Be all this as it may. It is boldly claimed here that a student of literature will, equipped with such paraphrases as the above, go to other translations more literal, greatly helped by having experienced the shock of a particular interpretation of his originals, in swift rhythmic movement, and with sufficient embodied commentary to make an immediate emotional understanding of the poetic compositions as wholes, possible, nay likely. To be sure the paraphrases are prolix beside the terse originals. That is a quite evident loss, which has to be sustained: the sense of fiercely compressed energy. But this loss, let it be boldly affirmed, is not always to be taken seriously as a defect. Only by occasional paraphrase, can a translator proceed at all, however closely he strives to adhere to his text.

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THE PROMOTION OF INTERNATIONAL PEACE *

It is no exaggeration to say that during the last two decades the sentiment for international peace has gained greater momentum than during the preceding centuries. This has been due in part to the general moral development of the race, especially in the humanitarian virtues; in part to the effect of the long continued presentation of the horrors of war and beauties of peace by a small body of persistent advocates; in part to the change in war methods, intensifying their destructiveness and robbing war of its mediæval romance; in part to the success of occasional international arbitrations in the past century.

Very largely is the growth of this sentiment attributable to the increasing cost of militarism, especially in Europe. The Triple Alliance — Germany, Austria and Italy — maintain standing armies aggregating nearly a million and a quarter men. If hard pressed, they could place ten million men in the field. France and Russia, in alliance as a counterpoise to the Dreibund, maintain in time of peace, armies aggregating nearly a million and three quarters. If necessary, they could place in the field nine million men. These estimates leave entirely out of account naval forces. After making reasonable deductions from these paper estimates, it seems reasonably certain that these five Great Powers alone could hurl at each other armies aggregating not far from twelve million men. If a reasonable addition be made for the armies of smaller European states and for the navies of the Great Powers, it appears that in time of peace, practically four million men — equal to the population of the State of Ohio — are withdrawn from productive occupations, the remainder being compelled to support them, while

* In preparing this article the writer has drawn freely upon a variety of sources, such as Holls's *The Peace Conference at The Hague*; publications of the Association for International Conciliation; Oppenheim's *International Law*; Lawrence's *Principles of International Law*; Reports of the Lake Mohonk Conferences on International Arbitration; Buchanan's *The Central American Peace Conference*; and articles which have appeared from time to time in such periodicals as *The Outlook*, *The Independent*, *Review of Reviews*, etc.

they are being trained in all the arts of destruction. Moreover the cost of supporting these military and naval contingents, instead of diminishing, is rapidly increasing. In the last twenty-five years Great Britain has quadrupled her army appropriations; those of the United States were tripled; those of Japan were multiplied by four and one half; those of Russia, nearly doubled; those of Germany increased by one-third; those of France, one-eighth; those of Italy, barely one-fifth. The increase in naval expenditures has been even more rapid. Great Britain's appropriations were more than tripled; those of France increased by three-fifths; those of Germany, six and one-half times; those of the United States, five and one-half times; those of Russia were multiplied by three; those of Italy, by two and one-half; and those of Japan, by seven.

Another graphic illustration of the growing burden of militarism is found in the following table of *per capita* expenditures for two five-year periods, separated by an interval of twenty years.

	ARMIES		NAVIES	
	1881-85	1901-05	1881-85	1901-05
Japan.....	\$ 64	\$1 97	\$ 22	\$1 14
United States.....	4 04	8 00	1 58	5 64
Germany.....	9 28	11 25	89	4 26
Great Britain.....	11 04	35 95	7 43	18 23
France.....	14 91	16 16	4 75	7 46
Russia.....	5 25	6 43	89	1 94
Italy.....	7 81	7 74	1 78	3 50

In these countries, military and naval expenditures have outstripped the increase in population and taxable resources. A point will be reached sooner or later when men and resources will no longer be available to meet this enormous drain. If not already bankrupt, Greece, Italy, Spain and Portugal are on the verge of bankruptcy. Germany has the greatest difficulty in finding the means for her enlarged navy. Austria, Russia and Great Britain are annually struggling with increased estimates and increasing debts. Sooner or later this military system seems destined to collapse under its own weight. The keen realization of this fact has been more potent than the other enumerated causes in stimulating interest in devising less ex-

pensive and burdensome means of maintaining national honor, territorial integrity, promoting international justice and preserving the world's peace.

More, however, than to any of these preceding causes, the growth of the sentiment for international peace is attributable to the belief in the possibility and practicability of creating and operating permanent institutions or well articulated machinery for the peaceful adjustment of international disputes, purged of the defects inherent in occasional arbitral tribunals—a belief which is being actively and systematically encouraged and propagated by certain informal and unofficial bodies whose efforts thus far have culminated in the two International Peace Conferences at The Hague and their resultant tribunals. It is the main purpose of this article to review briefly the origin, structure, aims and functions of the chief formal and informal agencies in promoting international peace which have appeared in the last two decades.

I.

The month of May, 1909, witnessed the fifteenth annual meeting of the Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration. This is an unofficial body which meets annually at Lake Mohonk Mountain House, Ulster County, New York. The members of the Conference are the guests of the wealthy proprietor of this summer resort, Mr. Daniel K. Smiley, the prime mover in the origin of this important agency for the promotion of international peace.

The Conference now numbers some three hundred members, including men and women of the greatest prominence in the field of politics, law, diplomacy, education, journalism and commercial activity. Such men as Judge Gray of Delaware, President Butler of Columbia University, and John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State, have presided over these Conferences in the last few years. Actively coöperating with the Conference are more than one hundred and sixty of the strongest chambers of commerce, boards of trade and like organizations, in one hundred and twenty-eight of the largest cities in the United States and Canada. No less than fifty such bodies were represented at

the Conference of 1908. The fact that one delegate in that Conference came from Honolulu, one from Jacksonville, Florida, and one from Portland, Maine, indicates that this movement among business men is not merely local.

There are usually six sessions at each annual meeting of the Conference. Papers are read and informal, but very practical, discussions follow. The proceedings are stenographically reported and published each year in a pamphlet of some two hundred pages. At least one session is devoted to the consideration of the means of promoting interest in international arbitration in American schools and colleges. It is in part due to this Conference that, in the year 1907-08, about two hundred colleges presented to their students in special ways the principal facts of the arbitration movement. Prizes are offered to college students for the best essays dealing with international arbitration.

Among the speakers at this Conference within the past three years, are to be found Judge Gray, Justice Brewer, John W. Foster, Oscar S. Strauss, Charles E. Littlefield, Robert Treat Paine, John Barrett, James Brown Scott, Baron Takahira, James Bryce, John Bassett Moore, Samuel Gompers, Lyman Abbott, Andrew D. White, Dr. Daniel C. Gilman, and, in addition to scores of men prominent in the business world, the following college presidents: Seelye of Smith, Thwing of Western Reserve, Warfield of Lafayette, Butler of Columbia, and Eliot of Harvard.

The session of 1907 was held a few weeks before the assembling of the Second Peace Conference at the Hague, and naturally the questions which were to come before that body formed the chief topics of discussion at Lake Mohonk. The discussions finally crystallized in the formal request that the Hague Conference consider and adopt five practical measures: (1) for the regular re-convening of the Hague Conference, (2) for the establishment of a permanent international court, (3) for a general compulsory arbitration treaty, (4) for the inviolability of private property at sea in time of war, and (5) for the prohibition of the use of armed force in collecting private claims when the debtor nation is willing to submit the subject to arbitration.

II.

Familiarity with the main work of the First Peace Conference at The Hague may be presumed, and therefore in the discussion of this institutional peace agency much will be omitted. On the 24th of August, 1898, at the regular weekly reception to the diplomatic representatives accredited to the Court of St. Petersburg, each official visitor was surprised to receive from the Russian Foreign Minister a lithographed circular in which the Czar first formally proposed an international conference to consider "the maintenance of general peace and the possible reduction of the excessive armaments which weigh upon all nations." As the proposal finally met with general favor among the Governments represented at St. Petersburg, the Czar, on January 11th, 1899, issued the formal call for such a conference, and, at the same time, outlined a tentative list of subjects to be considered. Another circular, issuing from the Russian Foreign Office, February 9th, 1899, designated The Hague as the seat of the Conference. On the 7th of April, the Foreign Minister of the Netherlands, in accordance with previous negotiations, issued the formal invitation to the Powers to send their official representatives to meet at The Hague, on May 18th, the Czar's birthday. This invitation was extended to all Governments having a regular diplomatic representative at St. Petersburg, also to Luxembourg, Montenegro and Siam. The South African Republics, and the Central and South American States were not invited to participate. No official explanation of the principle upon which invitations were issued or withheld has been given. Twenty-seven Governments responded by sending official delegations of varying size, although each Government was allowed but one vote in the Conference. The American delegation consisted of Andrew D. White, Seth Low, Stanford Newell, the United States Minister to the Netherlands, Captain A. T. Mahan, Captain William Crozier, and Frederick W. Holls.

The sessions of this extraordinary assembly were held in the famous House in the Woods, or summer palace of the Dutch Royal family, about one mile outside the city. The conference

room in the palace had been arranged in the form of a parliamentary hall—four rows of concentric semi-circular tables, covered with green baize accommodated the one hundred delegates. Between the presiding officer's chair and these tables was ample room for the secretaries and attachés. The seats were allotted to the respective Powers in their alphabetical order in the French language. As a compliment to the Czar, the Russian Ambassador was elected President of the Conference. Its sessions, with the exception of the opening and closing, admission to which was granted to a very few visitors, were conducted secretly, even to the exclusion of press representatives. In all, there were ten sessions of the Conference as a whole, the last being on July 29th. These plenary sessions were devoted to the consideration, adoption or modification of the reports of the Great Committees in which the preliminary work of discussion and formulation of results took place.

These Committees were three in number and included a representative from each State participating in the Conference. They were designated as the First, Second, and Third Committees, respectively. To the First Committee were assigned the following subjects: limitation of armaments, humanizing of war, the use of expanding bullets, and methods of naval warfare. The Second Committee applied itself to the adaptation to maritime warfare of the principles of the Geneva Convention of 1864 which neutralized everything connected with the hospital service in land operations. It is to the work of the Third Committee that attention is particularly invited. This Committee dealt directly with such agencies of international peace as "good offices," mediation, and international commissions of inquiry, and with arbitration. The results of the Committee's labors were embodied in a document entitled, a "Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes." Adopted by the Conference as a whole, this Convention stands as the most important document up to that time in the institutional history of international arbitration.

Three agencies or institutions were provided for in this Convention: a Special Form of Mediation, an International Commission of Inquiry, and a Permanent Court of Arbitration.

The first two agencies were designed to prevent a resort to war over relatively unimportant disputes, by interposing, after diplomatic negotiations between the parties have failed to secure an adjustment, a definite period of delay before active hostilities are begun. This delay affords an opportunity for friendly third parties to use their good offices in restoring harmony; it affords opportunity for national outbursts of passion to cool down; it enables each disputant to count the cost and to weigh the consequences of an appeal to arms while there is yet time to retire with honor. The Special Form of Mediation provides that in case of serious differences endangering peace, the States at variance shall each choose a Power to whom they intrust the mission of entering into direct communication with the Power chosen by the other side, for the purpose of preventing a rupture of pacific relations. For a period not to exceed thirty days the parties to the dispute are to cease from all direct communication on the subject of controversy. The dispute is regarded as having been referred to these friendly mediating Powers who are to exert themselves to bring about a peaceable adjustment. The disputants, during this period, of course refrain from acts or hostility.

If for any reason this Special Form of Mediation is not resorted to, parties to a dispute "involving neither honor or vital interests, and arising from a difference of opinion on matters of fact, may institute an International Commission of Inquiry by whom the facts may be elucidated through an impartial and conscientious investigation. The report of such an international commission is limited to a statement of the facts and in no way has the binding force of an arbitral award. The parties to the controversy are left free to pursue such course as they deem appropriate. The advantage lies in the publicity given to the facts, the moral and intrinsic merit of the inquiry, and the period of delay which is interposed.

It was such an International Commission of Inquiry which investigated the Dogger Bank incident arising during the Russo-Japanese War, when the Russian Baltic fleet fired upon English fishing smacks in the North Sea. War between England and Russia might easily have followed; serious wars have

arisen from much less important episodes. But the prompt resort by Great Britain and Russia to this pacific means prevented any such unfortunate sequel. The report of the Commission of Inquiry was adverse to Russia, and the Russian Government promptly settled the matter by the payment of damages.

By far the most important institution created by the First Hague Conference was the Permanent Court of Arbitration. "No proposition before the Conference was received with more sympathy and favor" than the plan for the establishment of this so-called permanent court. It is gratifying to know that in the advocacy of this proposition before the Conference, no delegates were more conspicuous, tactful and influential than those from the United States.

This Permanent Court of Arbitration is of complex structure consisting of three distinct but coöperating bodies, the International Bureau, the Permanent Administrative Council, and the Court of Arbitration itself. To these one should add a fourth, the tribunal, or small group of judges selected from the Permanent Court, which actually hears and decides the case submitted.

The International Bureau is located permanently at The Hague, and serves as the record office for the Court. It is the medium for all communications relating to the Court. It has the custody of the archives, and the conduct of all the administrative business. Of every agreement for arbitration as well as of every award by an arbitral tribunal, certified copies are filed with the Bureau, together with copies of all laws, rules or documents issued in executing the judgments rendered by the Court. The expenses of the Bureau are borne by the Powers which signed the Convention creating it in the proportions established for the International Bureau of the International Postal Union.

The Permanent Administrative Council is composed of the Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs, acting as President, and the diplomatic representatives of the signatory Powers accredited to the Government of the Netherlands. The main functions of this Council are closely analogous to those of university overseers or trustees. The Council, for example, superintends the establishment, organization and operation of the International

Bureau. It has entire control over the appointment, suspension or dismissal of officials and employes of the Bureau. It determines their allowances and salaries, and controls all expenditures. It prescribes by-laws and all minor regulations for the successful operation of the Court itself.

The Permanent Court of Arbitration, finally, consists of a large number of individuals "of recognized competence in questions of international law, enjoying the highest moral reputation," designated by the signatory Powers. No more than four members may be appointed by one Power.¹ Two or more Powers may unite in the appointment of one or more members, and the same person may be selected by different Powers. These judges are appointed for a term of six years, and are reëligible. They do not all sit, however, in the trial of cases submitted to the Court. They constitute, rather, a huge panel from which the actual deciding body or tribunal is selected for each case as it arises by special agreement between the parties. The word *permanent* is therefore not accurately descriptive of this body. Litigants before this tribunal may designate the place of hearing; failing such designation, the tribunal sits at The Hague. Its proceedings take place behind closed doors. Every decision must be made by a majority of the Court trying the case. Each litigant bears its own expenses, and an equal share of the expense of the tribunal. To tribunals thus constituted no less than five cases of the first magnitude have been referred, including the recent agreement to refer the long-standing fisheries dispute between the United States and Great Britain.

This Hague Court, however, is only a beginning, and, like most other institutional beginnings, has grave defects. Only when these are eliminated can it become a true *court* of international justice and a real *judicial* body. The chief defects are those which inhere in all arbitral tribunals, as distinguished from true judicial bodies, and may be briefly indicated. In

¹ The representatives of the United States in the Hague Court at the present time are Hon. Melville W. Fuller, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Hon. John W. Griggs, formerly Attorney General, Hon. George Gray, United States Circuit Judge, all of whom were appointed in 1900, and Hon. Oscar Straus, formerly Secretary of Commerce and Labor, appointed in 1902.

arbitrations, the tribunal is created *after* the dispute arises; in true judicial procedure, the court is a permanent body. In arbitrations, the court is bi-partisan, with an umpire to decide between the parties; in judicial procedure it is non-partisan. In arbitrations, the tribunal bends its energies to the adjustment of the controversy submitted to it; in judicial procedure the judges strive to reach a decision based upon some general principle which may be applied to similar disputes in the future, or, best of all, which may operate to prevent their occurrence. In arbitrations, the tribunal is a constantly changing body, selected from different vocations to serve a temporary purpose, dissolving when that purpose is fulfilled; real courts are composed of judges devoting themselves exclusively to judicial business, receiving a fixed salary and enjoying a more or less permanent tenure. The Hague Court, as at present constituted, is only a quasi-diplomatic body. But it may be regarded as the germ from which a true international court may be evolved in the near future.

III.

The Inter-parliamentary Union is an unofficial organization composed of persons who are members of the parliaments or national legislative bodies of the countries they represent. The main object of the Union is to promote the world's peace through international arbitration, and especially through the creation of a great official international parliament or congress of nations. Twenty-five years ago there was no such body as this Inter-parliamentary Union in existence; the members of even two national parliaments had never met together. Now, two thousand such members are enrolled in this organization. Every one of these two thousand is a member of some national parliament and actively interested in the objects of the Union. It is already an International House of Representatives, although wholly unofficial in character.

The evolution of the Inter-parliamentary Union has been gradual. The idea originated with William Randall Cremer, one of the earliest English labor leaders elected to the House of Commons in 1885. His experience in connection with indus-

trial strife between capital and labor convinced him that organization, arbitration and conciliation were the best means of preventing industrial war with its accompanying suffering and losses. As a member of Parliament, Mr. Cremer found himself called upon to legislate regarding subjects intimately connected with international controversies. Drawing upon his experience in industrial disputes, he was led to start an organization for the extensive application of the methods of arbitration and conciliation as a substitute for war to the settlement of international differences. Accordingly, in 1887, Mr. Cremer secured the signatures of two hundred and thirty-four members of Parliament to a memorial addressed to the Government of the United States urging the formulation and ratification of a treaty providing for the arbitration of all differences between the two countries which could not be adjusted by diplomatic correspondence. With a few colleagues, he visited the United States in October of the same year. Introduced by Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Cremer presented the memorial to President Cleveland and received from him expressions of cordial approval and encouragement. But American public opinion toward England at this time had been intensely embittered by England's treatment of the Irish. In Philadelphia no less than one thousand men took part in a demonstration of hostility to Mr. Cremer's mission; and he was compelled to return without definite results.

His stay in America, however, revealed to Mr. Cremer the degree of good feeling existing between the United States and France. He therefore resolved to accomplish his purpose, if possible, through Frenchmen. Accordingly, in August, 1888, he went to Paris and circulated among the members of the French Parliament the memorial originally addressed to our Government but now modified so as to urge the ratification of general arbitration treaties between the three countries. This led to a meeting in Paris in the following October of nine English and twenty-five French parliamentarians for the further consideration of the project. The thirty-four who attended this meeting, feeling that other governments should be enlisted in this movement, resolved to issue an invitation to the members of all European parliaments to meet at the Paris Exposition

the next year to consider ways and means of promoting the adoption of arbitration treaties. The result was that in June, 1889, no less than one hundred representatives from seven different European parliaments met and adopted a resolution providing for similar inter-parliamentary meetings annually thereafter. From the adoption of this resolution in 1889, the birth of the Inter-parliamentary Union really dates. Since that year meetings have been held annually in all the principal capitals of Europe and once in the United States. In 1903 the Union met in Vienna with five hundred parliamentarians in attendance. The same year witnessed the awarding of the Nobel Peace Prize to Mr. Cremer, who, shortly before, had been knighted by King Edward. Through the efforts of Mr. Richard Bartholdt, of St. Louis, the most conspicuous American member of the Union, it was decided that the meeting in 1904 should be held in St. Louis in connection with the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Mr. Bartholdt, upon his return from the Vienna meeting, vigorously pressed upon the attention of Congress the importance of the Inter-parliamentary Union, and succeeded in persuading about one hundred members of Congress to become actively identified with it. Through their combined efforts Congress was induced not only to extend a formal invitation to the Union to meet in St. Louis but also to appropriate, without a dissenting voice, \$50,000 to defray the expenses of the meeting and the entertainment of delegates. Some two hundred and fifty delegates, representing fourteen different parliaments, came to St. Louis. At this meeting originated the suggestion which resulted in the Second Peace Conference at The Hague in 1907. A resolution was unanimously adopted requesting President Roosevelt to issue a formal invitation to the Powers to participate in a Second Peace Conference. The President promptly complied with the request but subsequently, out of deference to the Czar, the originator of the First Hague Conference, he withdrew his invitation and thus permitted the call to emanate from the Court of St. Petersburg.

The subjects likely to be considered at the Second Hague Conference naturally formed the chief topics of discussion at the sessions of the Inter-parliamentary Union held in Brussels.

in 1905 and the year following in London. The latter meeting attracted wide attention and surpassed all preceding meetings in size, enthusiasm and popular interest. Twenty-three different parliaments were represented by more than five hundred delegates. Mr. William Jennings Bryan (admitted to a seat in the Conference by reason of once having been a member of Congress), Mr. John Sharp Williams and Mr. Bartholdt were conspicuously instrumental in bringing about the unanimous adoption of resolutions, favoring the conversion of the Hague Conference into a permanent body, empowered to reconvene upon its own motion; the codification of existing international law and some provision for keeping it up to date; and the enlargement of the jurisdiction of the Permanent Hague Court.

But the Inter-parliamentary Union cherishes even more ambitious aims than to create an international public and official opinion overwhelmingly in favor of arbitration treaties. It is actively seeking to bring about the transformation of the Permanent Hague Court from its present quasi-diplomatic character into a real international supreme court, with judges appointed for a definite term, receiving stated salaries, and devoting themselves exclusively to judicial work of an international nature. To the Court thus transformed it is hoped that all international controversies which diplomacy can not adjust may regularly and systematically be referred. The members of the Inter-parliamentary Union are too practical to believe that this can be achieved all at once. But in view of what was accomplished at the Second Hague Conference there is every reason to believe that this hope may be realized in the near future.

As the complement to this International Supreme Court of the future, the Union is energetically endeavoring to bring about the creation of a great World Parliament, representative of all nations, which shall sustain a relationship toward nations analogous to that sustained by our Congress toward the States. Into such an International Parliament the Inter-parliamentary Union earnestly hopes that the Hague Conferences may ultimately be converted. Mr. Bartholdt presented to the Brussels meeting in 1905 a detailed plan for the constitution of such a

body. That the scheme which he outlined will ever be adopted in its entirety is improbable; but it is receiving serious consideration and its main features deserve mention. It provides for an International Congress of two Houses, a Senate and a House of Deputies. Each nation is to have two representatives in the Senate and to be represented in the House of Deputies in proportion to its international commerce. Members of the Congress are to hold office for eight years. Each nation is to choose its representatives in its own way, provide for their compensation, and have the right to recall them at any time. Each member of Congress is to have one vote; a majority vote is to determine all questions; and the concurrence of both Houses will be necessary to all legislation. The deliberations of Congress are to be confined to matters which directly affect intercourse between nations. Its acts are to be limited to the declaration of general rules or principles for the conduct of international intercourse. These declarations are to be recognized as law by the nations represented unless they are vetoed by an agreed number of national parliaments. The territorial and political integrity of each nation participating in the Congress is, of course, to be respected by the nations represented.

To the men of 1750 no possibility seemed more remote than that of a permanent union of the thirteen English colonies under a written constitution harmonizing local differences, and simultaneously establishing a strong central government and guaranteeing the territorial and political integrity of each colony. Nevertheless, within forty years, the weak and contemptible government of the Confederation had been transformed into the "more perfect union" under which we now live. In this age of much more rapid change, who will be bold enough to assert that the next forty years may not witness the federation of the world and the Parliament of Nations? This is more than an enthusiast's vision; it is distinctly within the horizon of the possible. One is tempted to add, it is within the realm of the probable.

IV.

American interest in the promotion of international peace found its most complete and enthusiastic expression in the New York Peace Conference held in April, 1907, a few weeks before the convening of the Second Hague Conference. In comparison with this, all previous peace conferences in this country have been sectional; this was the first really national peace meeting in the United States. Delegates registered by the thousand. The largest auditoriums in New York were inadequate to accommodate those desiring to attend its sessions, and overflow meetings had to be held. No banquet hall of the metropolis was adequate, and so two banquets were held simultaneously, some of the speakers passing from one to the other at the conclusion of their post-prandial remarks. Thirty-five different States were represented by some important officials such as the governor, members of the legislature, judges of the State courts or mayors of important cities. The Federal Government was represented by the American members of the Hague Court, by justices of the Supreme Court, Circuit and District courts, and by not a few members of Congress. Mr. Gompers was present as the representative of organized labor in this country and made an able speech. Representatives from European countries were also present and took a prominent part. In other words, the Conference was no "collection of cranks and fools" or mere enthusiasts. Andrew Carnegie presided, and other great captains of industry were present and actively participated in the proceedings. Secretary Root spoke earnestly in favor of converting the Hague Court into a more permanent and truly judicial body. Mr. Bartholdt championed the plan for a World's Parliament. Baron D'Estourcelle of France explained the work of the Association for International Conciliation. Mr. Carnegie advocated the creation of an international police force; and Mr. William Jennings Bryan forcefully urged that money be placed in the list of contraband of war. The discussions of the Conference were of a very practical nature, having reference for the most part to the work of the approaching Hague Conference, and crystallized in several

formal recommendations for the consideration of that body. That the majority of recommendations addressed to the last Hague Conference by this New York Conference, by the Lake Mohonk Conference and by the Inter-parliamentary Union should not only have been carefully considered at The Hague, but substantially adopted, bears some testimony to the influence of these different peace organizations.

V.

The Second Peace Conference at The Hague convened on the 15th of June, 1907, and remained in session until the 18th of October — a period of four months. It was much more largely attended than the former Conference, due chiefly to the fact that all the South and Central American States, with the exception of Costa Rica and Honduras, were represented. In all, forty-four States, represented by two hundred and thirty-nine delegates, participated in this Conference. The delegation from the United States, headed by Hon. Joseph H. Choate, former ambassador to Great Britain, and Gen. Horace Porter, former ambassador to France, also included David J. Hill, our present ambassador to Germany, Rear-Admiral Charles S. Sperry, Gen. George B. Davis, William I. Buchanan, James B. Scott, U. M. Rose, and Richard Bartholdt.

The detailed work, as at the earlier Conference, was performed by great committees, this time four in number. These dealt respectively with Land Warfare, Maritime Warfare, with the application of the Geneva Convention to Naval Warfare, and with Arbitration. Thirteen formal conventions and several recommendations form the chief documentary results of this extraordinary gathering. Ten of the formal conventions relate either directly or indirectly to the actual conduct of war, and need not be considered here. The other three conventions tend to promote international peace and deserve notice.

The convention for the peaceful regulation of international conflicts, revised in the light of experience the convention adopted at the first Conference providing for International Commissions of Inquiry. Its provisions were given greater clear-

ness, a few sections were added relating to procedure, and the International Commission was much enlarged.

The Conference in another convention, endorsed the Drago Doctrine, so-called from its champion, Dr. Drago of Argentine. It restricts the use of force in the collection of contractual debts. General Porter of the American delegation was chiefly instrumental in securing its formal endorsement, although his efforts were loyally and ably seconded by Dr. Drago himself. This convention is very brief, and its two main paragraphs may be quoted:

"In order to avoid between nations armed conflicts of a purely pecuniary origin arising from contractual debts claimed from the government of one country by the government of another country to be due to its nationals, the contracting Powers agree not to have recourse to armed force for the collection of such contractual debts.

"However, this stipulation shall not be applicable when the debtor State refuses or leaves unanswered an offer to arbitrate, or, in case of acceptance, makes it impossible to formulate the terms of submission, or after arbitration, fails to comply with the award rendered."

The twelfth convention is in some respects the most important achievement of this Conference. It provides for the establishment of an International Prize Court. For years there have been protests against the injustice of permitting belligerent prize courts to pass final judgment upon the lawfulness of captures of neutral property in time of war. By the new arrangement, neutral judges are to be given an opportunity to review and participate in such adjudications. National or belligerent prize courts are to officiate as in the past, and one appeal is to be allowed from a national court to a higher court of the captor's country. Thereupon, at the expiration of two years, an appeal may be taken and the case transferred to the international court at The Hague. This International Prize Court thereupon becomes clothed with jurisdiction to render the final decision which is to be binding upon the parties. Governments, and under some circumstances, individuals, will be the litigants before the new court. The court will consist of fifteen judges, including representatives of both belligerent and neutral

States. It thus affords an important means of protecting the interests of neutrals and will do away with some of the most serious causes of international friction. At the same time, it is a most important step toward the creation of a court clothed with jurisdiction to hear and determine all international controversies.

The Conference devoted a large amount of time to considering a plan by which the Court of Arbitration, provided for by the First Conference, might be shorn of the defects already pointed out and converted into a truly permanent judicial body. The American delegation exerted themselves to the utmost to accomplish this. The plan which they presented contemplated, in brief, a court of seventeen judges, to serve twelve years, of whom nine should constitute a quorum; the court to sit at The Hague and to meet twice a year, in January and July; and in every case referred to the court, each party would have its own judge participate in trial and decision.

During the discussion of this plan, it became evident that while the Conference was practically unanimous in favoring some fixed system of arbitration, there was little chance of agreement upon the method by which the judges should be selected. Instead, therefore, of adopting a formal convention, the Conference merely recommended to the Powers a carefully considered project for the organization, jurisdiction and procedure of such a court *when established*. The recommendation also provided that the court should be established when the Powers, without specifying any number, shall have agreed upon the appointment of the judges, without specifying how many judges there should be. Thus, it is left to any number of the Powers to adopt the outlined project, appoint judges by joint agreement, and constitute the court for themselves. "It would thus seem that we are in the presence of the realization of centuries of hope."

The subject of a general treaty of obligatory arbitration also received careful consideration. Here again the American delegation labored energetically for the adoption of a convention requiring the submission to arbitration of all international disputes which do not involve "the vital interests, independence

or honor" of the contestants. Thirty-two States supported the project, but the adoption of a definite convention was prevented by the opposition led by Germany and Austria. Nevertheless, the Conference unanimously endorsed the principle of compulsory arbitration, and declared that "certain differences, notably those relative to the interpretation and application of conventional stipulations, are susceptible to being submitted to obligatory arbitration without restriction." In other words, the subject of compulsory arbitration was left in this position: thirty-two States were prepared to make definite arrangements with all the rest; nine preferred to make them only with States on whose responsibility they could rely, and three declined at the time to commit themselves. On the whole, the future of obligatory arbitration is bright. There is no reason to prevent the thirty-two Powers from negotiating separate and individual treaties, and thus accomplish indirectly what the Hague Conference as a body failed to do. Already, since the Conference, the United States Senate has ratified twelve or more such treaties with leading Powers.

It is also worthy of note that in the Final Act of the Conference, there was inserted a very important article which authorizes Governments in case of disputes, to address the Bureau of the Hague Court directly and demand or propose arbitration. Previously, when differences have arisen between States, they were obliged to agree between themselves to arbitration before the services of the Court could be invoked. Such agreements are difficult to bring about, especially if the controversy is one of long standing and has become envenomed. Now, however, it is in the power of one of the disputants to make its offer to arbitrate openly and thus force its opponent to accept or decline that offer in the face of public opinion. "Henceforth a State that sincerely wishes to avoid war can reply to its aggressor, '*I appeal to the Judges of The Hague!*'" It is difficult to see how the other State can refuse this method of adjustment without raising against itself the entire public opinion of the world. Again to the American delegation is the credit due for the adoption of this article.

Finally, the Second Conference recommended the convening

of a third peace conference within eight years, at a date to be fixed by common agreement among the Powers and the appointment, two years before the date of meeting, of a committee to collect the various propositions to be submitted to the Conference, in order to prepare a definite programme which may be attentively studied in each country prior to the meeting of the Conference. This committee is also to prepare a mode of organization and procedure for the Conference. Under this arrangement, whatever Government may actually call the Conference, the various Governments interested are to prepare the programme and methods of procedure. In other words, the third Conference will cease to be Russian and will become truly international.

The Second Conference at The Hague did not accomplish all that the most sanguine peace enthusiasts hoped for, and sensational journals made much of these shortcomings. But practical students of the subject of international peace, who are acquainted with the enormous difficulties to be overcome, are unanimous in expressing satisfaction with its achievements. Ex-Secretary of State, John W. Foster, a recognized authority on the whole history of diplomacy is quoted as going so far as to say that the Second Hague Conference "must be regarded as in some respects the most important event in the history of the human race."

VI.

In considering the last important official agency for the promotion of international peace, we must turn from Europe and fix our attention for a moment upon the microscopical States of Central America. Familiar with their frequent internal revolutions and interstate wars, the skeptic may well ask, Can any good thing come out of Central America?

In the autumn of 1907 disputes between several of these States had in some cases actually led to hostilities and in others seriously threatened to precipitate war. Conditions had reached such a pass that Secretary Root and the Central American diplomatic representatives in Washington requested that a Central American Peace Conference be called. The suggestion

resulted in the issuance of a formal invitation for such a conference over the signatures of the President of the United States and the President of the Republic of Mexico. All the States responded and fifteen representatives, including the two from the United States and Mexico, convened in Washington, November 14, 1907, and remained in session until the 20th of December.

Important steps were taken at this Peace Conference looking to "the fusion of the Central American peoples into one single nationality." Of even greater immediate significance was the adoption of a definite convention, to remain in force for ten years, providing for the creation of "The Central American Court of Justice." This court is to consist of five judges holding office for five years. Each Republic designates one judge and two alternates. The judges are to receive a salary of \$8,000 annually, payable out of a common fund to which each State contributes \$10,000 a year. The Court is located at Cartago, Costa Rica. The judges are prohibited from holding office or engaging in other work.

Jurisdiction over three classes of cases is conferred upon this Court: (1) all questions arising between the different States which cannot be adjusted by diplomacy, the submission of these questions being made obligatory; (2) cases involving alleged violations of treaties or conventions where denial of justice is alleged by a citizen of one Republic against the government of another; and (3) any question submitted by two Republics or by one of them and one of its citizens, or by a citizen of another Republic.

Decisions of the Court must be made by a majority of the judges in writing, and must be rendered within thirty days from the final submission of the case. These decisions are final, and the Republics bind themselves faithfully to carry out the orders of the Court.

The most effective authority conferred upon the Court is the provision that it may fix the status quo in which both parties in controversy shall remain pending the decision of the case. This is intended to prevent the purchase of arms, or military supplies, or the moving of troops by either of the contending States.

Thus from the little Central American States with their unenviable notoriety for internal and external discord there has issued an institutional agency for the peaceful adjustment of international disputes far in advance of anything evolved from the Hague Conferences. It marks the institutional beginning on a small scale of a true international Court.

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ENGLAND AND GERMANY

There is an expression of colloquial usage in certain parts of this country to-wit: "fighting talk," the which is used to designate remarks or criticisms made by one individual about another, and of such a nature as to warrant bellicose actions on the part of the person referred to. Such an expression fits most appropriately the nature of the language being employed in these days in England in regard to Germany and in Germany in regard to the disciples of John Bull. That this is not an original statement the writer is well aware, and yet he has not seen, these "fighting talks" outspokenly characterized nor the ominous nature of their significance plainly diagnosed. Not in the hope of awakening either of the offenders to a realization of the recklessness of their remarks, nor yet in the hope of contributing anything new to a knowledge of world's political situation, but simply with the intention of calling a spade a spade and of bringing out into the full glare of publicity these really scandalous recriminations, the writer would begin this article by bringing to the attention of the reader a few of the most characteristic as well as conservative of these utterances.

Let us look in the first place in *The Contemporary Review*, for example, which everybody knows to be anything but 'yellow,' despite the pitiful attempt to approximate to that color in its cover. We find written therein on the six hundred and twenty-first page of the May issue, by Dr. Dillon, in his discussion of contemporary political affairs, the following: "Germany's far-reaching designs, the elaborate means she adopted to realize them, and her persistent determination not to be drawn out of her course by any ethical or humanitarian considerations, ought to have sufficed to dispel an illusion which only a *Candide* could have seriously cherished. Moreover, from time to time, this military spirit, toiling and moiling silently and tirelessly, was revealed as by a lightning flash at the first and second Hague Conferences, during the Morocco crisis, and when the proposal

to arrest the growth of armaments was made and rejected." Or, again, in the same connection: "To-day the tide seems turning. The Balkan crisis has thrown a light on Germany's policy and England's danger so dry, and so protracted, that the least observant politician can readily take them in. Even the most incurious taxpayer is now beginning to realize that it is Germany who is obliging him to increase his contribution to the Exchequer in order to buy more 'Dreadnoughts.' In a year or two it may become his duty to add *personal service* [Italics not in the original but they might as well have been], to pecuniary sacrifice, and Germany will still be the cause. In a word, Germany is a military and a predatory State, whose policy is not hampered by any set of rules more ethical than that which obtains in the camp and on the battlefield. For the primary aim of her policy is to seize, whereas that of Great Britain is to keep."

Or let us turn in another direction, to *The Graphic*, that hitherto harmlessly "illustrated weekly." Throughout the last three months its pages have been overflowing with illustrations of a nature calculated to arouse the ire of the most phlegmatic German citizen. For example, the writer remembers seeing in one of its April numbers, pictures of the port of Rotterdam, the possession of which port was pointed out to be one of the dearest ambitions of the German Empire; and then, in another picture, was portrayed a large canal-barge, floating leisurely in the harbor of that port, and underneath it was stated that this barge was designed by Germans "ostensibly for the conveyance of grain;" the hint being exceedingly clear that the English had best awaken to the fact that those same barges were meant for the transportation of troops on their way to invade England by way of Rotterdam.

Or, again, we see a typical piece of scaremongers' business in *The Graphic* for May 22nd, in which is pictured an airship hovering over the house of an honest Britisher like some fell demon of the night, awaiting a moment to annihilate the unprotected citizen; and on the opposite page we see a map of the counties of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Cambridge, and upon it is indicated by a line the supposed course of voyages of this

mysterious nightly visitant. Throughout this description, between the lines, is clearly seen the suspicion that this aerial machine is of German origin, and is visiting under the cover of darkness the coasts of perfidious Albion in order to spy out the land.

One could multiply illustrations of this nature. In the *Nineteenth Century*, again a conservative paper, we find an article, written with a disquieting intent, entitled "What every German knows." In the *Spectator*, once again, one reads from week to week, fearful anticipations of a coming conflict. The *Guardian*, too, with all ecclesiastical sobriety, assumes now and then the rôle of interpreter of German ambitions and with gentle irony reveals anticipations of trouble ahead.

If the reader is acquainted with English periodicals, he will see that the writer has referred only to those which take "quietness and confidence" for their watchword. If he were to refer to the six-penny novels or the ha'-penny journals or the penny dreadfuls, or even the papers of more dignified ambitions, he could put before you a whirlwind of warlike remarks made here and there by Englishmen, and indicating their hatred and fear of Germany; and leaving, not incidentally, but one possible conclusion to be drawn: that *guerre à l'outrance* is to their perturbed minds the only conceivable outcome of the present situation.

One last sign of the times: the play, "An Englishman's Home," in which the coming war is the theme. The enthusiasm and commotion aroused by this play — the editorials in the leading London papers — the crowds besieging the box office in order to obtain seats — the numerous travelling companies going throughout the provinces and meeting everywhere with unprecedented expressions of approval — the sending of this play to Germany and its being hissed off the stage in Berlin — all these expressions of approval and interest indicate with an accent comprehensible even to the deaf and dumb that the Britons, high and low, rich and poor, are occupied with thoughts of the possibilities if not advisability of a German war.

What is at the bottom of all this rumbling and thundering, these dread expectations of a coming conflict? *Ex nihilo nihil*

fit; smoke indicates fire somewhere. Where is the "fit" and where is the fire? And to answer this question one need not be a student of history; one need only have a superficial acquaintance with the story of the last fifty years of the life of the German nation.

The bastard, Edmund, in "Lear," cursing his ill fortunes, his inability to inherit, remarks,

"Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother?"

By the which question he means to ask, Why should an accident of time deprive him of an inheritance? Carefully setting aside all suspicions that one would call Germany a bastard, we should none the less say that her whole trouble has resulted from an accident of time — a being born at the wrong moment. There she lies straddling the map of Europe; her sixty millions of inhabitants occupying the best inheritance of western civilization; rich in temperament and traditions; burning with ambition; wonderful in power; unlimited in potentialities, and yet, by reason of the lateness of her birth, tied and bound; without colonial possessions; without an outlet for her surplus population or an object for her imperial expectations. How pitiful! how ironical! For while England was so conditioned that she could send out her ships to the East and the West and plant her flags at such intervals that the sun would strike them with slanting rays, Germany was so engrossed with internecine troubles, so confused at home, that she was unable to reach out beyond the North Sea to send out armed missionaries to the Orient. And again, with fateful anticipation of the requirements of the future, England many decades ago, provided herself with an incomparable navy, while Germany, little dreaming that ships could ever be more valuable than regiments, rolled up her national debt in the creation of an army — until we can almost hear that great nation now complaining:

"Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity (or cupidity) of nations to deprive me?
For that I am some twelve to fourteen *decades*
Lag of a *colony*."

And so, to be brief, we have the following portentous conditions: (1) Germany needs colonies; needs lands beyond the sea in which to plant her quickly accumulating surplus population; and again, nations are like individuals, and just as a great man must have an audience, must have disciples to whom he can teach his theory of the world, so must a great nation have an audience, a group of colonies, upon whom it may graft its interpretation of life, political and social. For why build up a great nation? Why shed the blood of citizens? Why bring to birth a great political system with all of its ideals and desires and opinions, unless it be that those ideals and desires may be carried elsewhere, and not grow stale and die for want of missionary opportunities? The ability to exist and persist depends for nations, as well as for the Christian religion, upon the possession and prosecution of missionary opportunities and endeavors. (2) Modern knowledge tells us that a navy is the *sine qua non* of national greatness, and until the past five years England has possessed a great navy and Germany virtually none. (3) The first two facts refer to Germany's predicament; this third one to England's. Accustomed to undisputed control of the seas, which has been the result, not of competition, but of the indifference of other nations, England's supremacy is now being disputed. Nations are becoming different. America and Japan and Germany have been awakened by Captain Mahan and others and are building ships with prodigious energy. The "two-power" standard has become impossible for England any longer; aye, worse; it is questionable whether her bank account will much longer enable her to maintain a one-power standard—whether she can provide the wherewithal to build as many battleships as America or more battleships than Germany.

Now show me a man who has been accustomed for long years to unquestioned supremacy in physical strength or in academic position, and whose supremacy becomes suddenly challenged;

show me such a man and tell me that he does not resent his loss of precedence and position, and you will show me a man who is not inoculated with the ordinary germs of human nature. Even so England and Englishmen, being made of man-stuff, are subject to this trait of human nature and see with shame and rage their primacy upon the seas weakening; and who that is human can blame them? But with all due respect to the "hearts of oak," one must be honest and say that the excitement of the hour is not so justifiable as they persuade themselves that it is, but is nothing more or less than the result of jealousy, pride, arrogance, conceit. For England (it is written on their very leaden skies) resents the very idea of the long-despised Germany having a navy equal to hers. And even if we left out of consideration the colonial problem, and if Germany possessed as many dependencies as England, the writer ventures to assert that, *mutatis mutandis*, England would none the less seethe with excitement at the idea of a near neighbor's sudden desire to equal her in sea power. And so the determination of Germany to build warships ("for the protection of her commerce" as the English newspapers sarcastically put it) is, so far as the English nation is concerned, the root of their trouble. England is afire with indignation and jealousy because, forsooth, Germany has suddenly begun to burn with ambitions of the ocean. Each 'Dreadnought' projected in Germany is taken as a national insult, however harmless may be the intentions of its builders (though the writer, to tell the truth again, would hardly believe that the intentions are altogether harmless despite the protestations of our Berlin friends).

And then there are one or two matters at stake. It is the fear of the English lest Princess Julianna of Orange and Nassau (long may she live) should not survive the perils of infancy, and Prince Wilhelm Ernst should come to the palace in the Hague with all his trunks and household goods, there to remain a subject of the German Empire; or lest Denmark should be absorbed as were Schleswig and Holstein not over-long ago—and the ties of blood bring Copenhagen and London very close together; or lest, in order to enable her the more easily to control Hungary and the more recently "acquired" Servia and Herzegovina,

Austria should make more formal and binding her alliance with Germany, and the power of the Kaiser should stretch from Hamburg to Triest.

One could go on almost indefinitely pointing out the possibilities of German expansion — expansion whereby its possessions of sea ports and naval bases would be increased, and thereby directly challenge England's position. But all of this is unnecessary, for surely we have shown enough to explain the present excitement and the profusion of "fighting talk."¹

Now let us go a step further and remind the reader of the days of 1869 and '70; those days in which a similar relation existed between Germany and France, and which resulted in a fearful war. For what were the fundamental causes of that national feud? Were they not the existence of conditions strangely like those now prevailing?

Turn, for example, to any history you please and read the portion allotted to the origin of the Franco-Prussian War. I have before me a republished article from *The Times* of 1870 in which I read as follows: "Nor had signs of the coming rupture been wanting in the immense armaments of France and Prussia, in the reorganization of the French military system, in the affair of Luxemburg in 1867, in the irritable jealousy displayed by France with reference to the treaty of Prague, in the tone of the press of both nations, not obscurely hinting that acquisitions on the Rhine were to be the prize of an impending struggle, of the feverish disquiet and suspense of the continent during the last four years." Paraphrase the language and apply it to the present situation and it would read: "Nor had signs of a coming rupture been wanting in the immense naval armaments of England and Germany, in the reorganization of the German naval system, in the affair of Morocco or Servia, in the irritable jealousy displayed by England, in the tone of the press of both na-

¹ The writer would refer those interested in the subject to the large number of sensational novels which have been published in Germany during the past five or six years; novels which have dealt with an hypothetical war between England and Germany, and which have been written in Chauvinistic spirit, aiming at an arousal of the people's hatred against England, and pointing out with calm assurance, the unquestioned ability of Germany to demolish England's armaments and wipe her off the map.

tions, not obscurely hinting that the control of the North Sea were to be the prize of the coming struggle, of the feverish disquiet and suspense of the last four years."

Are we alarmists? And have times so changed that what was dangerous in 1869 is no longer dangerous in 1909? Have the last forty years changed human nature? Perhaps so. Perhaps England will be content to see Germany equal her in naval strength, or perhaps Germany will be willing to desist in her attempt to turn out an armada of 'Dreadnoughts.' But one thing we can be very sure of at all events; unless England and Germany, both of them or one of them, change their present attitude and cease to look upon the world problem as they are now looking at it; unless, I say, one of them, or both, desist from their present activities, war will come, and one of two causes will bring this about; either the patience of the people will be exhausted and some little affair like the Ems affair will precipitate matters; or else the financial impossibility of maintaining the present race in naval construction will drive one or the other party into a determination to have it all out at once. But let us look at one other aspect in which the present situation resembles that of four decades ago. At that time there were two controlling conditions: the German determination to attain national unity and the French determination, so widely popularized by Thiers, to retain a monopoly of national greatness and preëminence. So long as the French imagined that a great German Empire would be incompatible with their own greatness, just so long was it impossible for them to see Prussia push its imperial designs. Is not the situation of to-day curiously like that? Is it not a question that so long as England imagines that she must maintain a monopoly of the sea, just so long will she be unable to retain her equanimity while the German shipyards at Stettin and Kiel are working night and day? To put it all in one word, it is a question of pride.

Of course, the only difference in the situations under comparison is the fact that in the one case there were two nations separated by a river only, and in this case they are separated by the turbulent North Sea. But who can say that England's isolation means what it meant before the invention of turbines

and bilge-keels, and airships and wireless telegraphies and submarines and 'Dreadnoughts?' We are reminded that England's isolation might not have been so great an asset a hundred years ago had the great emperor been enough of a gambler to risk putting his money into the kind of a machine that Fulton wanted him to build.

And so the writer is compelled to believe that, under the present conditions, a war is inevitable. Human patience is not inexhaustible even in the case of those who live on the Thames or on the Spree, nor are the bank accounts of Europe inexhaustible. Well then, what will be the end of it all? The rôle of prophet is an impossible one, and yet Lord Roberts prophesies loudly that unless England mend her military ways she will find herself where France was some forty years ago. But for those who love the old country and believe that England represents a higher type of civilization than Germany, the hopeful fact is this: she has not made herself unpopular as did the third Napoleon with all of his pomposities, not to add assinities. England's friends are to-day England's safety and she would not find herself isolated and alone as did France in a similar situation. Whether France and Russia and Japan would come to her assistance is, of course, very questionable, but there are ways and means, and the existence of such sympathy as would be expressed on all sides for the English cause is an asset with which Germany cannot afford to trifle. In fact, if there is any isolation, Germany is the unfortunate possessor thereof, for her bondsman, the Hapsburg monarch, is, in the last resort not such a valuable ally as France could be to England. And so in computing the chances for the future one has to deal with the whole gamut of European armories, and the writer is bold enough to believe that before a peace were made Germany would have to reckon with the hatred which she has brought down upon her own head by her policy of the past ten years.

* * *

BENJAMIN LAWTON WIGGINS

In the month of April, 1889, three of the younger members of the Faculty of the University of the South, after a long conference, decided that there was a real need of a Literary Magazine, devoted to Literature and unencumbered by discussions of current events, and that they would make the venture, assisted by as many friends as could be interested. That conference led to the founding of *THE SEWANEE REVIEW*.

One of these professors was Dr. William P. Trent, now of Columbia University, New York, who became the first editor; and another was Dr. B. Lawton Wiggins, then Professor of Ancient Languages, and afterwards Vice-Chancellor of the University.

In 1893, Dr. Wiggins was the only member of the trio left at Sewanee, and for sixteen years, as representing the interests of the University, he bore the responsibility of the publication. Dr. John Bell Henneman succeeded Professor Trent as the editor and did his work with conspicuous ability; but Dr. Wiggins really carried the burden up to the very day of his untimely death, June 14, 1909.

It is most fitting, therefore, that this number of *THE REVIEW* should contain some recognition of his life and of his labours for the cause of higher education in the South.

It is not necessary, and it is hardly appropriate, that, in a sketch like this, emphasis should be laid upon Dr. Wiggins' many gifts of personal character—his refinement and courtesy, the winning charm of his manner, the irresistible attraction of his sunny brightness, his Christian kindness and thoughtfulness for others—which made for him a host of friends and gave him wonderful influence with men and women in every section and every condition of life.

It is as the head of a university which, in spite of its youth, has already played a great part in the educational development of the South, that the readers of this *REVIEW* prefer to regard him; and in this capacity—as Vice-Chancellor of the University

of the South, as an executive and man of affairs, as a lover and promoter of the highest educational ideals — he has won enduring fame.

A scholar himself, of patient and disciplined accuracy, intolerant of careless and hurried and superficial work, he strove to encourage and advance the very best in learning everywhere. His appeals and his example reached far beyond the bounds of his personal contact, and in a real way he influenced the whole country, contributing very largely to that enthusiasm for exact scholarship and wider culture, which we are thankful to say pervades, as never before, the majority of our Southern institutions of learning.

To a degree rarely equalled he regarded his life, and made it, an opportunity of service to his fellow men. The last public address he ever delivered (the substance of which is embodied in the leading article of this issue of *THE REVIEW*) was an appeal for the practical application in patriotic devotion of his Lord's words: "He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal."

Believing in Sewanee and in the ideals which it represented, he gave it his entire allegiance. He died at his post. His faith never wavered. He felt that he was here because God had some service for him to render; and he had his reward. Though he did not live to see his dream fulfilled, he was not lonely nor discouraged; for he was not selfish. He worked for God.

"That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it.
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.

.....
"That has the world here — should he need the next?
Let the world mind him!
This throws himself on God, and, unperplexed,
Seeking shall find Him."

REVIEWS

THE DOCTRINE OF THE CHURCH. By A. C. A. Hall, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Vermont. The University Press, at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee.

This is the first of a series of text-books to be issued under the designation of the *Sewanee Theological Library*, the purpose of which, as stated by the Editor, is "to provide for the clergy and laity of the Church a statement, in convenient form, of its Doctrine, Discipline and Worship—as well as to meet the often-expressed desire on the part of Examining Chaplains for text-books which they could recommend to candidates for Holy Orders. It is strongly felt that there is need of a greater measure of coördination as between the subject-matter dealt with and the methods employed by the boards of Examiners in the several dioceses of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It has for some time been pretty generally felt that a greater degree of 'standardizing' of such examinations was eminently desirable; and it is out of this conviction that the conception of the present series of text-books, of which Bishop Hall's work is the first-fruits, has taken its rise. Furthermore, it has been felt that reference lists of standard works dealing with the main topics of Christian theology would be a most useful and indeed indispensable adjunct to the text-books contemplated, thus making them useful not merely to candidates who are preparing for their examinations for ordination, but also to any who are interested in theological reading and study. The scope of such a series as this is, to a certain extent, analogous to that of the well-known "Oxford Series of Church Text-books," which have proven of such value in England, and even in this country, as convenient manuals dealing with special topics of theology. Somewhat different in their aim, as well as broader in their scope, are *The Oxford Library of Practical Theology* and the series of Handbooks for the Clergy, both of which are published by Longmans, and of which a number of volumes have received notice in THE SEWANEE REVIEW. That a set of theological works, compar-

able with these in their scholarship as well as in the standing of their authors, should be planned for specific needs in this country is, as a mark of progress, both gratifying and encouraging. In the text-books of such a series, exhaustive treatment of any of the topics of so vast and comprehensive a science as theology, need not and should not be looked for. The function of such a text-book as that now before us is rather that of a sign-post, or of a compass, than of a full and complete treatise. Clearness, soundness, reliability, comprehensiveness, terseness, proportion,—these are the desiderata in a work whose aim and purport is such as has been described. And these qualities, we may say at once, are exhibited by Bishop Hall's little work in no small degree. Already the book, for its own sake, and also as being an exemplar and pledge of the series which is to follow, has won a welcome, and elicited an appreciative response. We may remark at this point that other volumes which are to follow will (D. V.) include text-books dealing with the other subjects of study required by the canons of the Episcopal Church, as this deals with Systematic Divinity. Among these are to be works dealing with The Old Testament, The New Testament, The Book of Common Prayer, Ecclesiastical History (two volumes) Ecclesiastical Polity, etc.; and among the writers are such well-known scholars as Dr. L. W. Batten, Dean Hart of the Berkeley Divinity School, Dr. George W. Douglas, and the Rev. Professor Charles L. Wells of Harvard. The general editor, to whose enterprise and initiative the series is due, is the Rev. Arthur R. Gray, Chaplain of the University of the South.

And now for the book immediately before us. The name of Bishop Hall is a sufficient guarantee for theological breadth, soundness and ability, and it is enough to say that Bishop Hall's reputation is adequately maintained and sustained by the present volume. There seems to be comparatively little that calls for criticism, save in the way of appreciation; yet of course no human work is entirely beyond criticism.

In the first place, the title of the book (whoever may be responsible for it) seems somewhat misleading. To the general reader, "The Doctrine of the Church" would be apt to convey

the idea of a treatise upon the Church,—her organization, characteristics, etc.; whereas what is meant in the present connection is that which Canon 6 § II [i.] indicates as Dogmatic Theology, *i. e.*, not doctrine *about* the Church specifically, but the doctrine which is maintained and taught *by* the Church, *i. e.*, Dogma, including as well, 'Systematic Divinity.' It was, indeed, logically fitting that a treatise with this scope should head and introduce the series to which it belongs, for that which is most characteristic of the Church, or, indeed, of any system of religion, is, after all, its doctrinal content. The aim of the present volume is primarily to set forth that which is Christian and Catholic, rather than that which is distinctively Anglican, and in this aim the author has, on the whole, succeeded. Its characteristic is throughout that large-minded vision united with reverent loyalty to Holy Scripture which we have learned to look upon as the distinguishing mark of the best Anglican scholarship.

In discussing the doctrine of Creation, Bishop Hall apparently rejects the conception of Special Creation (p. 45), while a little further on (p. 47) he recognizes what would seem to amount to the same thing,—namely, that "at a particular point God bestowed upon man a distinct gift of life beyond that which came (directly or indirectly) from the dust of the ground. . . . While man is represented as sharing the nature of the world around him, he is spoken of as having a unique nature, made 'in the image of God,' with reference to his mental and moral faculties." Again, we are inclined to think that Bishop Hall, in his desire to guard against a materialistic view of the Atonement, tends to understand the Atonement as effected by the Blood of Christ in too purely symbolical a manner (pp. 92, 93). "Scripture constantly affirms," says Bishop Hall, "that Christ 'bore our sins,' but that He bore the punishment of our sins never" (p. 94). But is it not a fact that the Scripture constantly represents death as the penalty of sin; and did not our Lord submit Himself to death, and that, be it noted, to a death judicially inflicted, on our behalf, and in our stead? Again,—“He offered to God no external oblation, but Himself” (p. 95). Does this mean that our Lord's self-

oblation was purely subjective and internal? The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews asserts that "we have been sanctified by the offering up of the *body* of Jesus Christ, once for all" (Chapter 10:10).

Several minor points call for brief mention. On page 44—"Immanence, so far as it is opposed to transcendence, means that God is expressed, and only expressed, in the world." Should not this rather read—"that God is expressed in the world, and in the world only?" On page 98 (line 2) the author quotes the passage I Peter iii. 18-20 from the Authorized Version, without clearly indicating the inaccuracy of its rendering—"quickened *by* the spirit," which helps to obscure the true antithesis here drawn between 'spirit' and 'flesh.'

The phrase, "begotten by the necessity of the Father's nature," which occurs in the foot-note at the bottom of page 59, is not accurate. What St. Athanasius does say in the passage referred to (Orat., contr. Arian. III. 62 sub fin.) is,—“But if it be unseemly to speak of necessity in the case of God (εἰ δὲ ἄτοπόν ἐστι λέγειν ἐπὶ θεὸν ἀνάγκην), and therefore it is by nature that He is good, much more is He, and more truly the Father of the Son by nature and not by will.”

Finally, the Appendices at the end of the volume consist of extracts from various authorities. This fact is not made sufficiently clear, inasmuch as quotation-marks are omitted, although, of course, the names of the authors cited are given. In the passage quoted from Dr. William Bright (p. 154) the words "of which" (in the next to the last line) are erroneously inserted, with the result of destroying the connection of thought. It is, however, hardly necessary to say that such criticisms as the foregoing (to which others might, perhaps, be added) do not seriously impair the value of a book which we are sure will fill a distinct need, and which for its immediate purpose may well prove itself indispensable.

WM. S. BISHOP.

VERSE SATIRE IN ENGLAND BEFORE THE RENAISSANCE. By Samuel Marion Tucker, Ph.D. New York: The Columbia University Press, The MacMillan Co.

Here is the account of a conscientious student's explorations across a horrible great waste. We are more than grateful. It sets one's conscience finally to rest. Vicarious erudition is in some matters, we always knew, the only divine salvation of one's literary life! That way marked with bones of the dead, chiefly camels and asses, we shall not feel in duty bound to go unto perdition. But what commendable courage, what genius for the prolonged fast of the spirit, in the audacious and ascetic Dr. Tucker! Unless the comic spirit is restrained by a feeling for beauty, or at least, a sense of obligation to beautiful form, its products perish as they should; and elaborately to record and analyze them, is like insisting on a resurrection *en masse* here and now of the mediocre millions well dead and duly replaced. Only a thing of beauty is a joy forever, and hence it chances that nothing is so likely to make one perish of self-pity or snort with rage as obsolete righteous indignation, and elaborate efforts at satiric laughter preserved in doggerel, or, worse yet, would-be heroic verse! A great reverence for the comic has made us welcome this study by Dr. Tucker for its sane critical perspective and scholarly frankness.

The introductory chapter is an essay of no mean value. The table in which Dr. Tucker endeavors to classify the world's comic literature may leave out such things as Hugo's *Chatiments* or Heine's *Atta Troll* and the "North Sea" poems; but it is nevertheless suggestive. Making the law of conception and the method of comic procedure subordinate, for purpose of classification, to the often extraneous distinction of verse and prose (so that things spiritually akin are artificially sundered by a great gulf, and things unakin are forced by the token of doggerel rhyme to feign close affinity), would seem an insurmountable obstacle were the author to attempt a sympathetic judgment of artistic satire. But, that Dr. Tucker is nowise the victim of his erudition,—the kind that earns honors these days, but must straightway be got out of the system in a thesis, or slay its proud but unfortunate possessor,—is evinced by the altogether delightful

treatment accorded Chaucer as a satirist and humorist. Nothing could more startlingly manifest Chaucer's strangeness to the evolution considered in the whole study, than the character of the score of pages dealing with our one great satiric poet before Shakespeare in his *Troilus and Cressida* and *Measure for Measure*. They bid us hope that now Dr. Tucker is emancipated from the odious necessity of being painfully erudite, having proved that he can be it, to the full satisfaction of all identifiers of dullness and scholarship, he may give us now studies of such satire as really constitutes literature, whether verse or prose, and help us to a worthier appreciation of such marvels of comic imaginative genius, for instance, as Swift, Fielding and Byron, not to mention many others; though only too few, all in all, we are disposed at times to fear, for the salvation of Anglo-Saxondom from the appalling solemnity which consecrates dullness, and the sentimentality that makes softness to be mistaken for the very hallmark of what is virtuous and holy. Can Dr. Tucker, now that he has chiefly warned us away from deserts, lead us into a few more oases like his Chaucer?

AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Julian W. Abernathy, Ph.D. New York: Charles E. Merrill Co.

We have taken considerable pains to estimate the value of the above book as what it claims to be, "A guide-book to the literature produced in the United States." It endeavors to escape New Englandism by a fairer treatment of the South than hitherto adjudged necessary. So far so good. But why in the midst of much extravagant laudation of minor poets, as though they were major poets (of course for patriotism's sake), of accomplished versifiers as minor poets, and finally of rhymesters as accomplished versifiers, all for geographical reasons, must Whitman be treated on the opposite principle of exhibiting his patent failures, lightly alluding to his really original success, and damning with faint praise his few doubtful if popular commonplaces of poetic composition? Is it because Whitman is neither really Eastern nor

Southern, but Western in spirit? Why are the Middle West and the Far West treated so incidentally, if the book is to be continentally representative? But then we have seen before, in many another book, just such hopeless efforts at studying Literature on the sectional principle; and is not the treatment of American Literature itself, as though that of another language, always doomed to produce and foster just such false estimates of greatness,—even if the author protests in strong words,—as can best be illustrated by the unconsciously different treatment accorded by Stedman to American and Victorian poets? “Chaucer is the ‘father’ of American as well as of English poetry, and it is a foolish pride and a shallow patriotism that would seek to separate our literature from its parent stock for the purpose of giving it the appearance of an isolated nationality.” Alas, one is tempted to whisper: Perhaps it was really reverence for Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton and the Georgian and Victorian singers that prompted us in the States not to claim for our Literature descent from the parent stock!

The chart prefixed to the first chapter sufficiently exhibits the old application of a double standard in judging of English and American Literatures; and at all events makes very clear at a glance the folly of making American Literature a Freshman study, unless it be our intention to turn students away from the humanities, thus misrepresented, to the more succedant pastures of abstract science.

What we would fault, then, in our book is the principle by which a guide-book to poetry, instead of following ascertainable æsthetic lines, accepts geographical and chronological classifications as though they were more than mere pedagogical devices, allowing them to become the criteria of praise, and omission or slight treatment that do duty for dispraise—except only, of course, in the case of Whitman. Secondly, we should fault it for not being really national and representative (if geographical and chronological we must be), continuing to view things from the Atlantic seaboard incredibly foreshortened; stretching pitying arms to include the Old South, but shrinking from the West—even when manifested in Manhattan!

If Literature is prized and taught as an art-product, then all considerations whatever should be subordinated to æsthetic values; if, on the other hand, we are writing American literary history, Albert Pike is more important than Willis, Riley than Aldrich, Bret Harte than Holmes, Piatt than Stoddard, Mark Twain than Lowell. Let us have no confusion of methods, and consequently of standards, to change the student's innocent ignorance of Literature into an ignorance that is baneful, and only too soon invincible. We are confident Dr. Abernathy has yielded, in spite of his initial declaration, as have all predecessors, to the old demand for a patriotic book; and for one, besides, that shall take its stand very near Plymouth Bay — although as advertised, allowing itself a brief excursion to Jamestown, and thus, be it understood, nowise because the centre of population hovers about St. Louis, but because, mark you! the real critics, that is the publishers' readers, dwell (rather than live) in and about New York! Nevertheless, as a Southern reviewer, we should express becoming gratitude for the return trip to Jamestown from Plymouth Bay. And if it must still appear necessary to train young literary taste (or destroy its possibility) with mediocrity on the wholesale, because, forsooth, produced on these shores; if we must continue to sacrifice the muses and veracity to the yawp and wingflap of the bald eagle; then by all means let us do these things, Dr. Abernathy in hand, for among the blind, one-eyed Polyphemus is seer, and all in all the book is well made in its practical pedagogic aspects; and is written in far better than text-book English.

BELLES, BEAUX AND BRAINS OF THE 60's. By T. C. DeLeon. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.

Here are nigh upon five hundred pages of scrappy reminiscence, by-gone gossip, forgotten anecdote, and likenesses of distinguished people for illustrations, which make most alluring matter for summer perusal at least to Southerners of the old régime; and to the reconstructed, and the Southerner born

since those "stirring times," full of a most curious and at times pathetic interest.

"Four Years in Rebel Capitals" has now its sequel and companion volume, which could have come from no other pen. We congratulate Mr. DeLeon on his courage and perseverance; on his immortal youth, on his garrulous sincerity and charm, and on his unquenchable epigrammatic wit; also, last but not least, that his most readable memoirs appear in so attractive a dress of paper, typography, and dignified binding. We hope that no patriotic American will fail to while away at least a few hours these summer days, making fresh acquaintance of some of the "great and the good who are gone" in the genial company of Mr. DeLeon, to whom may we wish again long enjoyment of his power to delight and cheer.

WORDSWORTH: A STUDY IN MEMORY AND MYSTICISM. By Solomon F. Gingerich, Ph.D. Elkhart, Indiana: Mennonite Publishing Co. 1908.

The appearance and imprint of this little book are apt to prevent its serious consideration. While we would by no means admit the author's apprehension of mysticism and its work in human evolution and art to be wholly adequate, truth compels us to confess great satisfaction in his clear and modest definition, and in his intelligent application of them to the poetry of William Wordsworth. We quote, piecing together three selections: "Almost, constantly, however, Wordsworth remained just below the very highest stage of the mystical. His method seems to have been to force his way as near to it as possible without losing the vitality of passion and of concrete representation" (p. 125-6) "because he chose to be a poet primarily, and not a mystic" (p. 143), "successful not only in carrying mystic intensity to its utmost in poetry, but in giving us in his own poetry solid substance and actuality on the one hand, and on the other, intense and highly-wrought idealization" (p. 151). We doubt as to the *ne plus ultra* of Wordsworth's æsthetic use of mysticism, with Dante, Blake, Coleridge, Goethe, Hâfiz and others in mind. Nevertheless, the main contention we believe

to be correct. The essay fills a place in Wordsworth criticism left hitherto most unaccountably unoccupied; and the modest little volume will, in many a library, jostle fellows larger and more pretentious that are by no means wiser or sweeter than itself, as to critical spirit and business-like effective style. May Mr. Gingerich's next book have a more alluring dress and bear a more imposing patronymic (we allude to the publisher's)!

KING ALFRED'S JEWEL. By the author of *Mors et Victoria*. London and New York: John Lane Co.

Here is a pious deed, but one, alas, if not *invita Minerva*, then without the preliminary draft of Bacchic madness, needful, if great drama is to be born! The chief defect in this attempted exhibition of the great Alfred, is the triviality of the dramatic fable invented for the purpose; the misconception of a jewel's destination! To have Queen Elswitha vulgarly jealous, brutally suspicious and ready for murder at the misconstruction of an ambiguous word, doubting Alfred's chastity, these conceptions hardly achieve the author's aim; unless the concluding mutual forgiveness and little Elfreda's fortunate survival of her melodramatic throttling by a queen, and dungeoning in a handy dark closet, are claimed as satisfactory atonement for the vulgarization, quite cheaply theatrical, which has been endured by the chief characters in the second and third acts. Numanera is operatic in her unreality, and Cornewulf, Monfichet, and Cedric would be shadows, did not the bones of their abstraction grind one another audibly from scene to scene. In one word, there is no real dramatic action in the play as a whole, and no real life in the dramatic personages taken together. The verse is monotonously endstopped, and does not leap and burn, croon and linger, jostle and shriek by turns, as should dramatic verse.

When all these things are said for truth's sake, we should pay our tribute to the first act, and especially to the fourth scene, in which Alfred thrillingly wins over his traitorous Saxon subjects. The picture of Elfreda and the fairies has idyllic charm and some of her songs have a lyric lilt:

Violet so blue,
 O to be you,
 Down in the cool green grass.
 Violet so blue,
 O to be you,
 Watching the clouds as they pass.

Apart from the careful utilization of the historic Alfred's own weighty words, what perhaps strikes one most favorably are the songs which everybody seems to sing, all through the dramatic poem, and which are on a far higher poetic level than the soliloquies in which every one, also, more or less indulges in turn:

SONG OF THE SAXON SOLDIERS

We met the Danes upon the down
 With battle-axe and brand;
 We drove the Danes across the down,
 We drove them from the land.
 O the salt seas!
 O the oak trees!
 O the mighty men of England!

CORNEWULF'S SONG

Beneath her maiden snows,
 All petal-folded deep,
 Lieth the fair primrose,
 Asleep — asleep.

Elswitha and Alfred's conjugal love is doubtless very romantic, and were it not at moments a bit garrulously sweetish, might altogether pass for exemplary. We quote a specimen of wifely laud that should make any husband skeptical of Alfred's fair play in love:

Alfred, thou art to me as Hector was;
 Thou art my husband and my father, too,
 My mother and my nurse; but thou art more —
 More e'en than Hector to Andromache —
 Thou art my King and High Priest of God.
 And now thou goest from me to confront
 Unequalled danger — to meet direful death;
 Out of the deep my soul cries 'No' to thee.

As we reconsider the whole poem, we can see at least one use in it — beyond the exhibitions of noble intentions and a well-

bred literary accomplishment — namely, a great theme. If the anonymous author had really had — beyond the first act — a dramatically worthy tale to tell, worthy of her theme, her earnestness (are we right in the pronoun?) would have wrought a greater thing, as is testified by the immeasurably higher level of Act I above Acts II and III. But it is worth our while to remind our anonymous author, that a dramatic poem is constructed rather than written. That the action is the theatric Pegasus, and not a loyal hero worship — of never so worthy a historic personage! Alfred is very well, but his jewel will not serve to exhibit him on the boards although the jewel is so great a temptation — and might do excellently well as an "Ibsen Symbol," and prove wholly innocuous, provided it were not exploited as a *Deus ex machina* for the minor plot, or worse yet, made to do duty for the tree of the knowledge of good and evil in Alfred's marital Eden with the operatic Numanera as serpent.

THE DAYS THAT PASS. By Helen Huntington. New York: John Lane Company.

Birth, on a blazing noon,
 Childhood among the flowers,
 Youth 'neath a changing moon,
 Love with its silver hours,
 Pain in a silence born,
 Knowledge with fitful gleam,
 Death, and a life outworn;—
 Lo! It was all a dream!

Would the eighty-five pages of the little book perused were no more! We have had "Christ in Chicago," and sundry other paradoxes in our day, but "the Lord came into the opera house" involves taking certain dress parades of society in far too serious a fashion:

He saw the debauch of colors and jewels and flowers,
 The pageant of play and the group of the world in its power,
 And the eyes of the Lord, yes, the eyes of the holy Lord,
 Look deep in the souls and discovered the secret shame,
 The pride and the lust and the treachery furtive and sure,
 The disease and desire and iniquity, covered and hid.

The verses are full of ineffective tautology, and yet they are among the stronger in the book. At best it is creditable prentice work, else we can see small justification for the appearance of the little book, in which we discern no great power.

Never a woman you say,
Never a wife,
Only the rose of a day,
A dream in a life.

Glory the star of my sky,
Beauty my own,
Touched by all joys, as they fly,
Still I'm alone.

Render your loss as it seems,
Where to fate it belongs,—
I am a daughter of dreams,
A mother of songs.

Alas, if such she be—the pity 'tis—'tis true; for the songs are not yet such as sing themselves above the tone of newspaper and respectable magazine verse.

THE PEACOCK'S PLEASAUNCE. By "E. V. B." New York: The John Lane Company.

A book of charming talk with the reader of this and of that, taking for granted chiefly a devout love of nature in her lovelier forms, and of such myths as take their rise out of man's intimate commerce with her. The plea for the birds is singularly poignant. The title of the book is derived from the illustrations rather than the text, and from the strange little prologue that opens the book of which we quote, the last paragraph:

"Once, when I was a child, I dreamed that one morning very early, before the sun rose, I went out into the garden and wandered along the green terrace by the river. And there stood a peacock in the dewy grass. And the peacock was so beautiful, so full of grace and colour, that I held up my gown in my hand and danced. And the peacock spread up his feathers of green and gold, all eyed with purple, and he too, danced a minuet amidst the sparkling dew drops."

THE PEARL. A Middle English Poem in the metre of the original. By Sophie Jewett, Associate Professor of English Literature in Wellesley College. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Pearl has been translated by Mr. Israel Gollancz, in part by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, by Mr. G. G. Coulton, and by Mr. C. C. Osgood. Miss Jewett's translation is the latest. Of late years *Pearl* has become so well known as to render unnecessary in this connection any special exposition of its merits and peculiarities. Criticism has long exercised its ingenuity over such questions as the identity of the poet, the exact time and place of authorship, the indebtedness of the poem to Old French models of verse, its theological teachings, the "Pearl's" relation to the poet. All this is apart from the merits of the poem itself, which, after we frankly admit the tediousness of its theological argumentation and the conventionality of many of its epithets, still remains a true poem in its very essence and a really bewitching one in its unique beauty of form. This peculiar form renders *Pearl* extremely difficult to translate. The dialect—that of the Northwest Midland country—is, to be sure, far more difficult than that of Chaucer; but this difficulty is perhaps the easiest one for the translator to overcome. It is the metrical scheme that primarily stands, and must forever stand, in the way of any satisfactory translation. *Pearl* employs in its verse-form two very diverse systems: what remains of the alliterative scheme of Old English poetry, and the intricate rhyming system of the Old French poets which Chaucer uses in certain *ballades*. To reproduce, or even adequately to represent either of these systems alone would be no easy matter. But this is not all. The stanza of *Pearl* is one of twelve lines, rhyming *ababababbcbc*, with four accents to the line, with alliteration in from two to four words in each line. The number of syllables varies, for the poet of *Pearl* has anticipated the principle of accentual rhythm illustrated by Coleridge in *Christabel*. He counts by accents, not by syllables, and mingles iambic with anapæstic feet so as to produce an exquisitely light and graceful melody, but one quite incapable of being rendered into modern English. Through the difficulties of its dialect and the peculiarities of its alliteration, rhyme, and

rhythm, we are safe in saying that adequately to render *Pearl* into modern English verse, is quite impossible. Nor, perhaps, is such performance desirable. Scholars will always prefer the original; college students will certainly profit more by an attempt to appreciate the poem in all its original grace than by reading an inevitably imperfect "translation."

But, within these limitations, Miss Jewett has performed her task very pleasingly. Her version keeps the tender and pathetic tone of *Pearl*; her verse is polished and sweet; and here and there occur lines showing a true poetic feeling not altogether due to the original. Her translation is, moreover, something of a metrical *tour de force*: it is not easy to maintain three good rhymes through twelve lines of verse; to preserve a refrain consistently; to use alliteration that shall in some measure suggest the original while the translator is under the necessity of substituting modern for obsolete words. The rhymes of her translation are of course not the rhymes of *Pearl*; but what we truly miss in Miss Jewett's rendering is the delicate and exquisite rhythm resulting largely from the mingling of iambus and anapæst that gives to *Pearl* its subtle and especial charm. Miss Jewett's work, too, had perhaps better be a paraphrase than a translation; for instance, the line

"He profered me speche, that special spece,"

is rendered

"She spoke to me for my soul's peace."

Mr. Gollancz wisely recognized the difficulties we mention, and so made no attempt in his admirable translation either to preserve the original rhyme of *Pearl* or to give any substitute for these. He often succeeds, however, in preserving the original alliteration, and gives a fair idea of the strange melody of the rhythm.

THE SPELL OF THE YUKON AND OTHER VERSES. By Robert W. Service.
Edward Stern & Co.

As records of actual experience in the West and farthest North, these pieces of verse exhibit considerable skill and are well worth reading. The "Spell," however, we must admit, is

rather that of the new matter, than of its artistic treatment. To us, to speak quite plainly, it seems ragtime verse, and we are yet unconvinced that a barrel organ tune is the fit means of memorializing the crude and terrible experiences of man face to face with the wilderness and the Arctic cold. Verse, is intended to drop a veil of illusion between the facts and us, that we may perceive their diviner significance. A violent insistence, therefore, upon crude verbal colour and literal rendering of line for line from nature in fierce without atmosphere garishness, seems to us a mistaken method, the more to be deplored as Mr. Service lays occasional claim to other than the venal favors of the journalistic muse. More than one line and stanza, indeed the conception of several of the entire poems, have sufficiently impressed us, to make the desire quite hearty that Mr. Service would henceforward seek poetic truth, and not the veridicity of the kodak snap-shot; and go for his athletic schooling to poets of better pedigree than Rudyard Kipling.

THE BOOK OF WHEAT. By Peter Tracy Dodlinger, Ph.D. New York: Orange Judd Company.

Wheat, from time immemorial, has been the principal food of man; has been found in the habitations of neolithic man; was cultivated in China three thousand years B. C.; was the principal food of the Ancient Egyptians, the Syrians, the Israelites; and, to the present day, it always has been, and is, man's essential food. In this work Dr. Dodlinger has compiled much information valuable to the farmer and agricultural college and most interesting to all readers. Concise and practical information is given concerning the structure and varieties, cultivation and improvement, and the cost of production of wheat; the soil and environment suitable to it; its transportation and marketing. We read, also, of milling, flour, bread, macaroni, and "breakfast foods," and a valuable chapter on price, supply and demand, and speculation of especial interest to the student of economics. The value of the book to the reader is greatly enhanced by its wealth of illustrations.

EDWARD MACDOWELL: A STUDY. By Lawrence Gilman. New York: John Lane Company. 1909. \$1.50, postage 12c.

The new study of Edward MacDowell, America's greatest musical composer, by Lawrence Gilman, one of America's most scholarly musical critics, gives a sympathetic impression of the man and the artist. It passes in picturesque review the physical facts of his life and dwells, tenderly and understandingly, on his noble and unique musicianship. Mr. Gilman softens the popular outline of the Columbia episode and sketches gently the pathetic story of the disintegration of the great brain that has given our country the right to a respectable place in the history of musical composition. MacDowell's voice was Celtic, Scandinavian, Northern, something more of Grieg than of Debussy or Puccini, yet very positively authoritative of himself, and more entirely self-inspired than perhaps any of his contemporaries. It is never difficult to recognize his characteristic progressions and rhythmical contours.

If one should seek for an objective to summarize the peculiar quality of MacDowell it would be difficult to decide between "fresh" and "noble," and in weighing the decision, one might be led to seek their union in "Homeric," and find his pick in that suggestion. Like Homer he was sometimes boisterously gay and sometimes sad and reflective, but always the freshness of the morning after rain, always the nobility of a knight without reproach, drench and purify his music. It is an incomparable delight when satiated with the soft sensuousness of Chopin or irritated with the impalpability of Debussy, to turn to the buoyant, masculine, concrete sanity of Edward MacDowell. It is indeed like going back home to the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* after sojourning in the camps of Maeterlinck and Ibsen.

MacDowell wrote chiefly for piano (though his "Indian Suite" for orchestra and the songs of op. 47 and op. 56 rank among the very greatest of his compositions), and for that reason he will be the more quickly absorbed into the life of America, which, as yet, knows competent orchestras only in a few large centres. Mr. Gilman has added to his volume a full list of works with opus numbers and dates.

HERO AND LEANDER. By Martin Schütze. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

It is with pleasure we call attention to this fresh and gracious poetic tragedy. The dramatist has dared to strike out on a new line for himself. His work bears no likeness whatever to Grillparzer's famous drama on the same theme. While carrying us back into the very atmosphere of Hellas in her early innocence of nature-worship and surviving ascetic disciplines, he has succeeded in making his whole conception exhale an air of modernity. The struggle between two ideals of life, the ascetic and the æsthetic, is still on. Hero the niece of the priest, is induced to vow virginity, in spite of her passion for Leander, by superstitions unconsciously infiltrated into her being through years of training, and her despair of happiness under conditions which the plot unfolds. Her divided mind is the central poetic interest, and the fanning of the passion of Leander thereby, to a fiercer romantic heat. Particularly audacious, and we must admit effective, is the idyllic last act which presents us the situation after the death of Leander. We are haunted by the strange music of his verse, which allows itself many and strange licenses, that for the most part, turn out to be felicities. We have of late been refreshed by several interesting poetic plays, among which, perhaps most striking, were Mackay's "Fenris the Wolf," Kennedey's "Winter Feast," Torrence's "Abelard and Héloïse," but it seems to us that in their midst Prof. Schütze's Drama comports itself as more than a peer by the fine distinction of its poetic style, not to speak of its delightful simplicity of construction and delicate characterization, and its fragrant religious atmosphere.

Alarcon, El Sombrero en tres Picos. Edited with notes and vocabulary. By Benjamin P. Bourland. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1907.

Corneille, Le Cid. Edited, with notes and vocabulary. By James D. Bruner. New York: American Book Co. 1908.

Among the many excellent school and college modern language texts the above deserve a prominent place, through the careful and adequate work of the editors and the convenient form of the texts for use in the class room.